

Nihil Obstat

JOANNES FITZPATRICK, M.A., D.D.,  
Censor Dep.

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# PASSIONIST



# ALMANAC

APRIL

1938

DATE	FEAST	ANNIVERSARIES OF DECEASED PASSIONISTS
1 Fri.	The Five Wounds of Our Lord.	
2 Sat.	St. Francis of Paul, C.	Rev. Fr. Patrick (Aylward), C.P.—1928.
3 SUN.	✠PASSION SUNDAY.	
4 Mon.	St. Isidore, B.C.D.	Bro. Casimir (Donnon), C.P.—1896.
5 Tues.	St. Vincent Ferrer, C.	Bro. Richard (McSorley), C.P.—1870
6 Wed.	Feria.	Rev. Fr. Martin (Byrne), C.P.—1918
7 Thurs.	Feria.	Rev. Fr. Angelo (McCunin), C.P.—1930.
8 Fri.	The Seven Dolours of Our Blessed Lady.	
9 Sat.	St. Mary of Cleophas, W.	
10 SUN.	✠PALM SUNDAY.	
11 Mon.	Feria.	Rev. Fr. Jerome (Smith), C.P.—1918.
12 Tues.	Feria.	
13 Wed.	Feria.	
14 Thurs.	HOLY THURSDAY.	
15 Fri.	GOOD FRIDAY.	Bro. Bernard (McSally), C.P.—1899.
16 Sat.	HOLY SATURDAY.	
17 SUN.	✠EASTER SUNDAY.	
18 Mon.	2nd Day within Octave of Easter.	{ Rev. Fr. Leo (Bur en), C.P.—1876.
19 Tues.	3rd Day within Octave of Easter.	{ Bro. Laurence (Carr), C.P.—1915.
20 Wed.	4th day within Octave of Easter.	{ Rev. Fr. Arthur (Devine), C.P.—1919.
21 Thurs.	5th day within Octave of Easter.	{ Rev. Fr. Anselm (Nolan), C.P.—1931.
22 Fri.	6th Day within Octave of Easter.	{ V. Rev. Fr. Eugene (Martorelli), C.P.—1888.
23 Sat.	7th Day within Octave of Easter.	Rt. Rev. Mgr. Leonard (Baumbach), C.P.—1915.
24 SUN.	✠LOW SUNDAY.	
25 Mon.	ST. MARK, EVANGELIST.	Rev. Fr. Daniel (Nugent), C.P.—1902.
26 Tues.	SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, P.P., MM.	
27 Wed.	St. Peter Canisius C.D.	Rev. Fr. Paul Francis (Gavin), C.P.—1897.
28 Thurs.	ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS, C., FOUNDER OF THE PASSIONISTS.	Rev. Fr. Louis (Sherwood), C.P.—1929.
29 Fri.	The Holy Sepulchre of Our Lord.	Rev. Fr. Gregory (Callaghan), C.P.—1911.
30 Sat.	St. Catherine of Siena, V.	Rev. Fr. Pius (Devine), C.P.—1912.

Abbreviations : Ap.—Apostle. B.—Bishop. C.—Confessor. D.—Doctor. M.—Martyr. P.—Pope  
W.—Widow.

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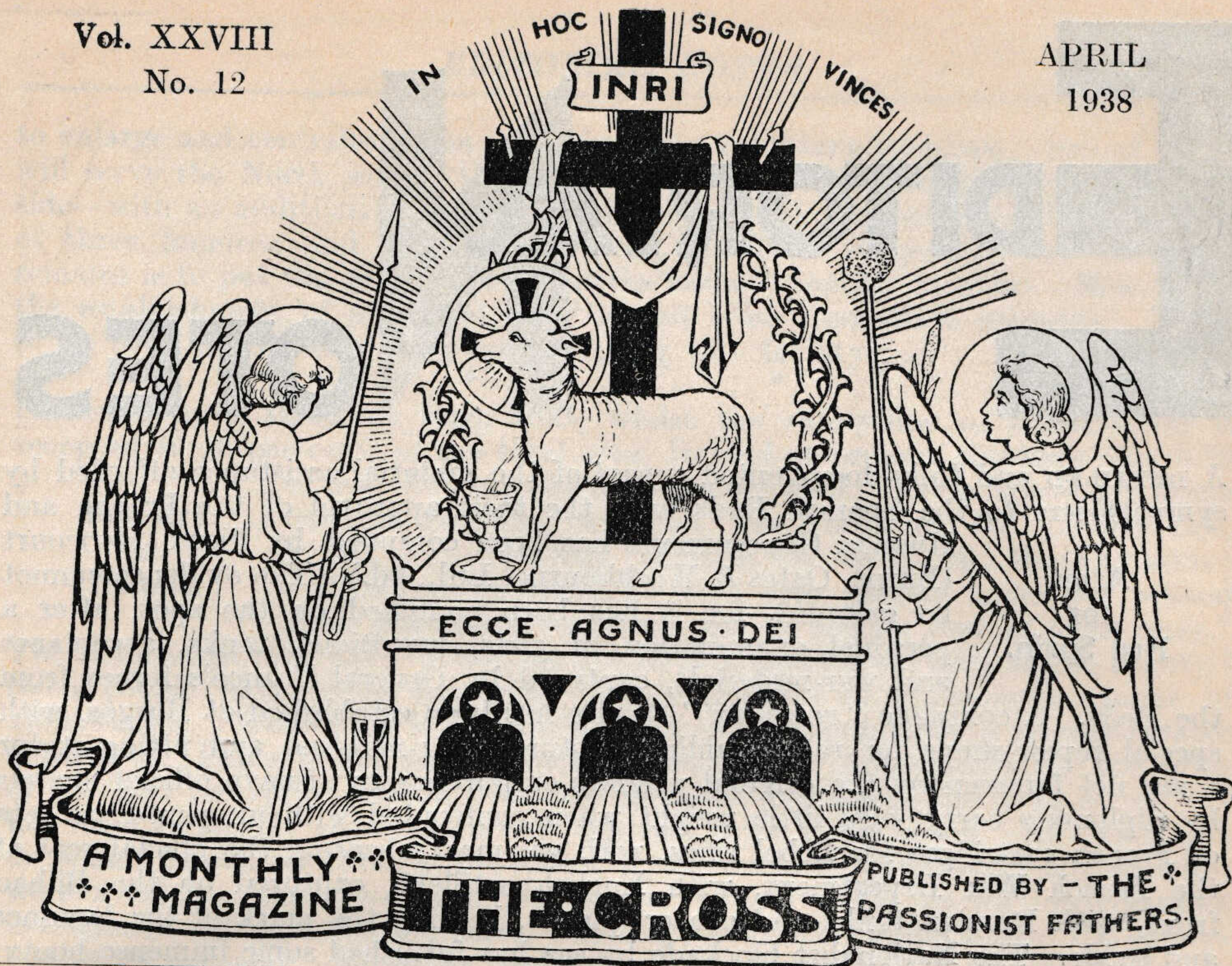
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St. Paul of the Cross  
Founder of the Passionist Congregation  
(Feast : April 28th)  
See "A Roman Memory" on p. 519 of this issue.



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**The Passion for Our Times**

Devotion to the Passion is suitable for all times. During Lent and Holy Week especially the thought of the whole Christian world is turned to the remembrance of the sorrowful mysteries of the Passion and Death of Our Saviour. The Church does not then merely make a filial remembrance of the scenes of the Passion; through her liturgy she offers to the faithful an authentic means of participating in spirit in this crowning event of the earthly life of Our Saviour and Redeemer. More particularly in the present troubled times, when the minds of men are in revolt against the lessons taught by the Cross of Christ, is meditation upon these salutary mysteries essential to the well-being of our souls.

St. Paul the Apostle briefly summed up the earthly life of Jesus in three words: humility, obedience, suffering. "He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even unto the death of the Cross." He shows, too, the reward which Jesus merited on account of these sufferings: His glorious Resurrection, the manifestation of His Divinity, the reverence and adoration of every creature . . . that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father.

Each member of the Church, the mystical Body of Christ, is called to share in the sufferings of Our Saviour, for "the disciple is not above the Master, nor the servant above his Lord." Therefore the Church, during Lent, imposes a discreet measure of bodily mortification. We must be made like to Jesus through suffering, obedience and humiliation, "bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies." We cannot secure these benefits if we remain ignorant of what the Church would have us know. The Church wants us to learn in the school of Jesus Crucified.

*J. Edmund, C.P.*



# EDITORIAL NOTES

A DETAILED and fully-documented *exposé* of the material assistance afforded by sympathisers to the Spanish Reds with the tacit approval of the French and

## Arms for Red Spain.

Russian Governments has been compiled by Pierre Hericourt (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., 6d.). The evidence cannot be gainsaid, for it has been compiled on the spot, after a personal examination of guns, munitions, tanks, aeroplanes and war-materials, captured by General Franco's forces from the Reds. A complete "recovery" service has been established at Burgos, with special repair-shops for re-assembling captured war-material and fitting it for a use not foreseen by the original vendors or purchasers. Suave official denials by diplomats carry very little weight when confronted with unopened packets of French cartridges for Lebel rifles, with gas-masks bearing the official seal of the French War Department, with English artillery, captured on the Bilbao front, with Russian tanks and chaser 'planes, bearing the mark of the hammer and sickle. The Nationalist blockade by sea has furnished some immense booty. Within twelve months more than fifty big cargoes were captured, by which the National forces acquired a hundred aeroplanes, 3,000 machine-guns, 150,000 rifles, 80,000,000 cartridges, 120,000 shells. All this material was directly consigned from abroad to the Red government—could anything show up more clearly the farce of non-intervention? It has been proved that the "German divisions" landed at Cadiz were never more than a myth, maliciously invented by the war-mongers. But the same publicity has never been given to the *fact* that in France, at Villeneuve-sur-Lot, at Esbly, near Meaux, and at Royan, military aviation schools have been established with the connivance if not the approval of M. Pierre Cot, French Air Minister. At these places, Red Spaniards are trained to become certificated pilots in the service of the Red Government.

Is it any wonder that M. Blum, at the Marseilles Conference, quite frankly declared: "Non-intervention may be called a deception, a fiction."

\* \* \* \* \*

THERE are good prospects of an end to the apparently interminable delay in applying the Sweepstake funds for the advantage of the hospitals participating in the scheme. The public have been remarkably patient

## Reorganisation of Dublin Hospitals.

over the long delay, but there are signs that this patience is becoming exhausted. Elementary prudence would, however, suggest that the whole problem be carefully considered before expenditure commenced on a large scale. The scheme for Regional Hospitals to serve the country has been admirably devised, and is already well on the way towards completion. But the reorganisation of the Dublin hospitals presents special difficulties. It is painfully obvious that the accommodation for patients is hopelessly inadequate for present needs. The population of the city has grown by leaps and bounds; people are more willing to seek hospital treatment now than formerly—yet the number of beds available has remained almost static for the past thirty years. A proposal to establish a new Municipal Hospital has rightly been turned down. Instead, it is proposed



to enlarge and centralise some of the existing voluntary hospitals ; two of which will serve the North side of the city and two will meet the needs of the South side—with an additional hospital for emergency and accident cases. A minimum of three hundred and fifty beds in each has been suggested. All that now remains is to put the work in hands at the earliest possible moment. Meanwhile, the establishment of a central Bed Bureau is an immediate necessity. There is no need for further delay in providing this facility.

\* \* \* \* \*

It comes as a shock to learn that, whilst the safety-line of forest cover is accepted as 18 per cent. of the total area, Ireland at present possesses only 0.29

**Forestry  
in  
Ireland.**

or less than one-third of one per cent. These figures are taken from an excellent pamphlet, *The Forest and the National Life*, by Mr. John MacKay (Duffy & Co., 3d.). Mr. MacKay adds :  
“ *Eighty years hence, the total area planted under our present forest programme would not give us two per cent. of forest cover.*”

The uninitiated may ask : What use are forests, apart from their scenic beauty ? Such people have never examined the possibilities of a national scheme of afforestation. Wood-pulp is one forest product for which there is no conceivable substitute. Paper is but one product of wood-pulp. A few years ago the price of the best newsprint—made from the cheapest pulp—was about £8 a ton. It has risen so steeply that the current contract price is £14 a ton. Mr. MacKay's facts and figures are thought-provoking in the extreme. If twenty million acres were available, the systematic planting of forests would be an incomparable investment. Even 3,000,000 acres, which are available, would secure the safety-line of 18 per cent. Moreover, Ireland possesses a soil and a climate especially suited to the practice of wide-scale forestry. Mr. MacKay estimates that 3,000,000 acres could easily be planted in thirty-five years. The cost would work out at about £2,500,000 a year—and we are paying in relief of one kind or another over £7,000,000 a year. *Immediate* employment would be found for 45,000 men ; whilst the ultimate employment would be 110,000 in forestry work, not counting those absorbed in consequential industries. The investment would yield rich returns, for in its thirty-fifth year, when felling would start, the forest would pay an annual wages bill of £17,000,000. If we have not the courage to abolish Unemployment Relief and to enrol the workless in Forest Service Corps, shall we at least have the intelligence to utilise more fully the source of wealth that lies beneath our feet ?

\* \* \* \* \*

“ THE makers of fashions have been getting away with things too long in this country. Small cliques representing only themselves have, in the name of fashion, imposed standards of art, of literature, of films, of drama, on the Irish people.” So says Gearoid Mac Eoin, in the course of a striking article in a recent issue of the *Irish Monthly*. It was high time that somebody drew attention to the fact.

**Catholics  
Should  
Make Fashions.**

The tyranny of the latest cult has too long been tamely borne.

And because these inane stupidities are loudly commended by self-advertising publicists, the rest of the people have meekly acquiesced, and have even followed suit. Even Catholics can be found who boast of their “impartial” outlook, their “advanced” views, their “progressive” tendencies, their “Leftist” sympathies. Isn't it obvious that Catholics should make fashions rather than follow them ; that they should be leaders and not sheep-like and sheepish followers ? In the Christian revelation and the Catholic apologetic they possess enough spiritual dynamite to blow to pieces the theories of the pseudo-intellectuals. How sad that in their incompetent hands such power should seem only like a damp squib ! Too long have we suffered the impudent attacks of those who claim to be leaders of new thought. Isn't it about time that we should assert ourselves, and claim for Christian and Catholic thought the place which belongs to it ?



# The Blessed Eucharist and Contemporary World Problems

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H.E. MOST REV. LEO P. KIERKELS, C.P.,  
*Archbishop of Salamina. Apostolic Delegate to India*

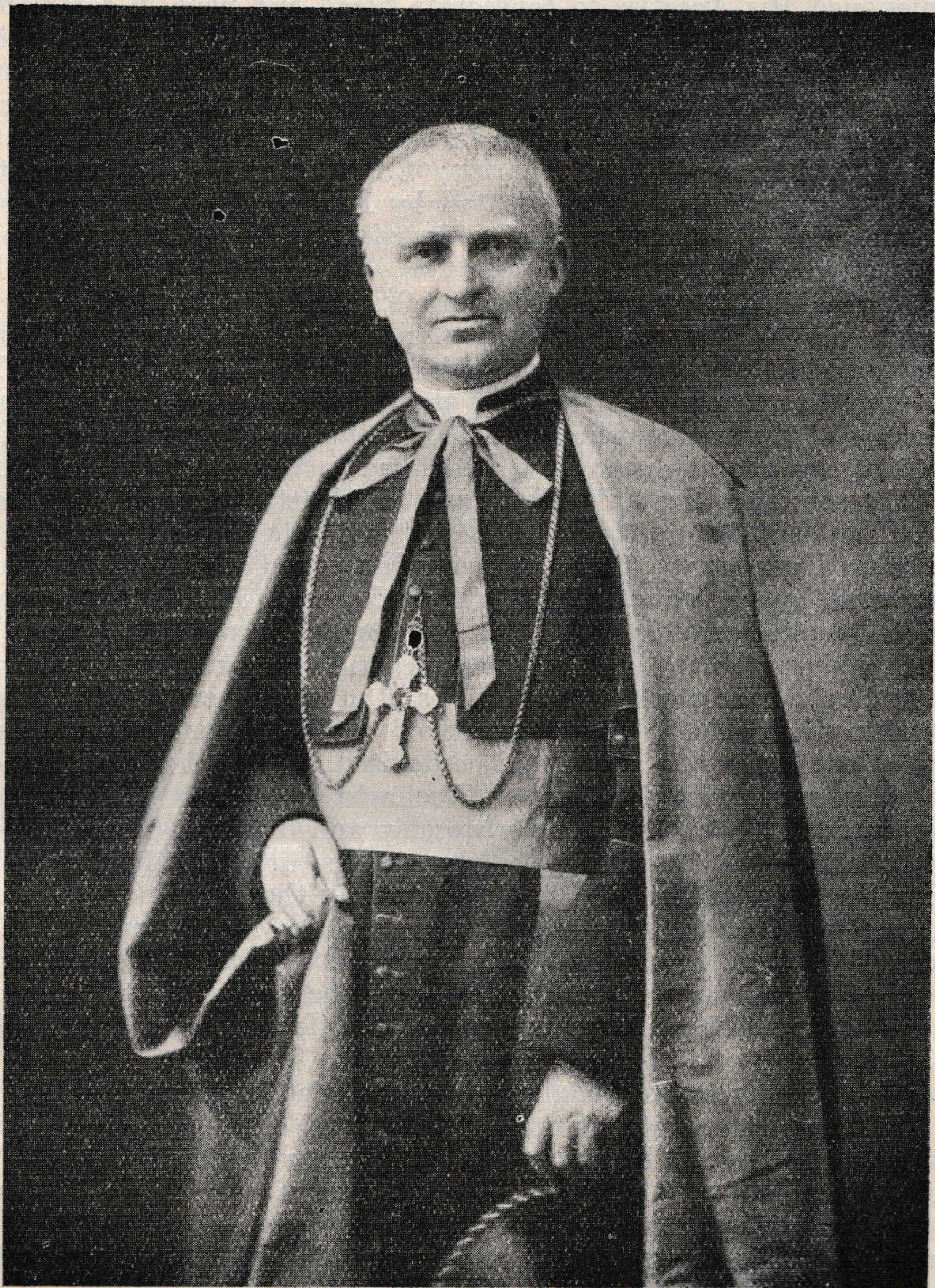
[EDITOR'S NOTE: We are privileged to reproduce the soul-stirring address delivered by His Excellency the Papal Legate at the inauguration of the Sixth National Eucharistic Congress of India, held at Madras in December, 1937. His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate was General of the Passionist Congregation from 1925-1931 immediately prior to his elevation to the Hierarchy. For the text of the address we are indebted to the "New Leader," Madras, which carried full accounts of the Congress ceremonies].

IT is characteristic of great men and minds to see the widest bearing on any subject. Their interest in things and events is not limited to any particular relevancy but is inspired by the most general significance of any issue. Such a width of vision underlies the teachings and warnings of the reigning Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius XI, in connection with the world crisis fermenting around us to-day. In calling attention to Catholic dogmas and truths His Holiness generally points out their widest purport and their appeal even beyond those of the fold. Among many other instances of such an apostolic outlook we have several Pontifical pronouncements on Eucharistic Congresses, in which mention is made of the relation of the Blessed Eucharist to contemporary world problems facing both the Church and all mankind. Of course the object of such Congresses is more to give a deeper insight into particular aspects of the Eucharistic devotion than to stress its general importance and meaning for the contemporary world. However, that general importance and meaning is the background, and, as it were, the platform of all that will be said and done in this National Eucharistic Congress. Hence at this solemn opening ceremony which it is my privilege to perform as Legate and Representative of Pope Pius XI, I consider it germane to the occasion to follow the lead of His Holiness in pointing out the Holy Eucharist's bearing on the life of the Church and the world to-day and in endeavouring to enlist the attention of those also who do not share our faith.

The Blessed Sacrament may be considered either in itself or in what it implies. In itself it presents a three-fold aspect: the mystical re-enactment of the sacrifice of Calvary, Christ's sacramental presence in the sacred species, and the spiritual nutriment of Holy Communion. To explain what is meant by those Eucharistic mysteries we may have recourse either to theological or to historical analysis, and the latter seems more appropriate on this occasion.

Historically the Blessed Eucharist is the crowning synthesis of several prototypes and anticipations contained in the Holy Scripture. The idea of a religious sacrifice under the elements of bread and wine occurs already in Genesis and is often referred to elsewhere, from the Psalms to St. Paul, who recalls also God's majesty "within the veil where Jesus entered for us, made a High Priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedech." An unbloody oblation, superseding animal sacrifices from East to West around the globe, was announced by the prophet Malachy. Sacrificial food is also a scriptural idea and so is the representation of spiritual food under the symbols of bread and wine. Jesus called Himself "the bread of life, the living bread which came down from heaven for the life of the world" and insisted on His flesh being food and His blood being drink towards life everlasting. That this was not meant as a metaphor or figure, but as a sacramental reality, He made still clearer on the eve of His Passion when





R. E. Most Rev. Leo Peter Kierkels, C.P.

Archbishop of Salamina,  
Apostolic Delegate to India,  
Papal Legate to National Eucharistic Congress  
held at Madras, 29th-31st December, 1937.



He commissioned His Apostles to consecrate bread and wine in commemoration of Him, saying as He had just done Himself: "This is My Body, this is My Blood, which shall be shed unto the remission of sins." That is the substance of Holy Mass, in which Christ becomes sacramentally present in the Sacred Host the eating of which feeds our soul with Christ and makes us live in Him and He in us. Such then is the Holy Eucharist; Christ sacramentally present among us, through the mystic sacrifice instituted by Him, under the Eucharistic veils of bread and wine, symbols containing in reality the spiritual food which is Himself.

It would be difficult indeed to assign preferential prominence to any of those three aspects of the Blessed Sacrament, since all three inspire Catholic piety with equal adoring wonder and gratitude and devotion. Our Lord Himself, however, seems somehow to have laid particular stress on Holy Communion when speaking of the bread of life by which we are to live in Him and He in us. The object of Christianity is in fact "to form in us" to "put on Christ" to give us "the mind of Christ," the "spirit of Christ," that we may be "joint heirs with Christ and be glorified with Him," and it is Holy Communion, feeding our souls with Christ that produces those effects, and models us on Christ, not only vesting us but infusing us with Christlikeness. However, although Holy Communion has such an importance in Eucharistic devotion it would have no Catholic meaning without the Real Presence, and this again we would not have without the Eucharistic sacrifice, memorial and mystic renewal of Christ's Passion for our redemption, which, in the words of an illustrious convert, constitutes "the highest act of worship that could be devised and is not of men but of God."

This brings us to what the Blessed Eucharist implies as the converging and radiating centre of the entire Catholic worship and liturgy. Connotatively "the Eucharist is indeed the Church" since through the liturgy it implies and reflects the Church's entire doctrine and life. Outwardly the splendour and pomp, the rites, the ceremonies and prayers that make up the liturgy may seem nothing more than the official expression of our religious sense and social worship, a glorious pageant stirring the imagination and the heart. But "inwardness of the liturgy" to use a Benedictine expression, the life and meaning of it all centres in and is fostered by the Blessed Eucharist.

But it is not only in the religious, liturgical and devotional sphere that the Blessed Eucharist dominates Catholic life. Even on her social principles and ideals it has a deep-seated bearing. In connection with the Eucharistic Congress at Manila, the reigning Pontiff pointed out that if ever it was imperative to instore and restore world-wide appreciation of Christian values, it is surely in the turmoil of public interests to-day, when mankind everywhere is agitated by a fever of unrest and trepidation, pursuing only economic prosperity which seems to recede ever further. As to India's share in that world-wide struggle to solve the problems of the social order and its modern complications, we know the special difficulties in this land of castes and communities and economic repercussions of world-wide industrialisation and increasing mechanisation. Certainly such problems cannot be solved on the industrial plane, nor can machinery save the world. It is on the ethical and spiritual plane that the Catholic Church offers her social message, to understand which is to admire and to apply which would heal the nations.

Outside the Church, no one perhaps has echoed more eloquently the Church's appeal to Christian ethics than Mr. Gandhi, who, in his immense endeavour for India's economic uplift, never loses sight of the supremacy of spiritual values. "Ours will only then be a truly spiritual nation," he once said, "when we shall show more truth than gold, greater fearlessness than pomp of power and wealth, greater charity than love of self. . . . Let us first seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and the irrevocable promise is that everything will be added



to us. These are real economics. May you and I treasure them and enforce them in our daily life." That shows how many affinities the ideals of Mr. Gandhi have with Christian ethics, and how he has assimilated some of our most important moral teachings, as poet Rabindranath Tagore pointed out and explained quite recently. But for the successful working of Christian ethics we rely on what, in connection with India has been called "Christian dynamic," viz., Christian grace and inspiration, the richest source of which we hold to be the Holy Eucharist.

Perhaps it will be more impressive to explain this by quoting a secular writer on modern India. In a comparison borrowed from a certain school of psychology which considers the "unconscious" as the fountain spring of emotivity, as the "reservoir of the mind, source and driving-power of our actions," he refers to Jesus as nourishing through the Eucharist, His mystical Body, the Church, and becoming the primary driving-power of its deeds and conduct, to live his life, express his spirit and realize the kingdom of God on earth. If that be understood in a Catholic sense, we have the Eucharist's bearing on the world's modern problems. Through the Blessed Sacrament, Jesus inspires indeed and electrifies, as it were, not the "unconscious" but the conscience of the Church and all its members in every sphere of life, even in its economic and social and international relations, in conformity with the teachings of St. Paul on Christ's mystical body recalled in the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*. Such an ideal, in the words of Chesterton, "has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult and left untried."

But it would certainly be less difficult than Communism which Mr. Bernard Shaw advocated on the radio a few weeks ago as the only alternative, but which even the most brutal methods cannot achieve success in Russia, and which would be even more antagonistic to the ideals of India. The Church not only advocates a more equitable distribution of wealth through the application of her social principles, she also unites us all and bridges differences of language, differences of environment, of communities, of castes, by the common participation of all in the Blessed Eucharist, which St. Paul and the Fathers of the Church so eloquently describe as the Sacrament of unity: "*O Sacramentum pietatis, O signum unitatis, O vinculum charitatis.*" When even enlightened non-Christians consider that castes were only meant to be a functional classification towards collaboration and corporate action and national development, and that exclusiveness and untouchability are but an excrescence and malignant outgrowth, should not Catholics be the first to foster a Christian, and I would say, a Eucharistic spirit in such matters?

In conclusion, then, His Holiness the Pope is justified indeed in pointing to the Blessed Eucharist as the actual or potential solution of the problems facing the Church and the world to-day. For the Church, the greatest concern is not only to grow and extend but also to resist the overt and covert noxious interferences tending to weaken her vitality and ascendancy. And in the Blessed Sacrament she has an "antidote," a "reconstituent," a "divine remedy" stronger than any debilitating or deleterious influence.

As for the world at large, the world which Christ came to save and to make subject to God, it is faced by the world of darkness ruled by the spirits of wickedness whose heralds stand at the cross-roads of history, at the parting of the ways between the spirit of that world and the spirit of God, and they spare no effort "to seduce the nations." By press, radio, cinema, and all the refinements of modern propaganda, they openly blazon or subtly insinuate their principles and doctrines, which in the last analysis stand for the supremacy of temporal over spiritual matters. They aim at reducing the world to one religious economic organization, or at exalting racial interests above "spiritual unity in the bond of peace" advocated by the Church under the banner of Christ.



The banner of Christ, with the emblem of the Blessed Eucharist is indeed a banner of unity and peace, of social justice and international harmony. It is even more the banner of an intense and fervent Catholic life flowering into Catholic Action and opposing a truly united front to atheism and unbelief. That banner we metaphorically hoist at this Eucharistic Congress as a profession of all that it stands for, as a great spiritual affirmation against materialistic and atheistic forces at work in the world, in the spirit of Christ who said: "Come to me all you that labour and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you." In that intent I declare open this Sixth National Eucharistic Congress with the hope and prayer that it may give an ever-wider resonance to Christ's message in these lands.



*Christ lived for us—His wondering baby eyes  
Once seeking, found the love that never dies  
Within a Mother's breast, and as He grew  
In stature and in strength, He learnt to do  
His Father's Will, and, filled with heavenly grace,  
His boyhood passed, while wisdom grew apace.*

*Christ died for us—With all man's fearful dread  
He saw the lonely path He had to tread,  
Knew all the grief of offering love in vain,  
Felt all the pangs of suffering and of pain,  
Taking, as man, man's heritage of sin,  
Having, as God, God's sanctity within.*

*Christ rose for us—One happy Easter morn  
Came from the tomb, the Father's Son, reborn,  
Oh blessed they! Who, kneeling, saw and heard  
With contrite hearts, the tender, loving word,  
Oh blessed we! who, from His Father's home,  
Hear, down the years, the loving voice say "Come."*

*Christ lived for us—In Mary's arms He lay,  
Growing in grace and beauty day by day.*

*Christ died for us—That blinded eyes might see,  
How great His love to all humanity.*

*Christ rose for us—Freed from all earthly stain,  
That men might live, and die, and rise again.*

DOROTHY M. AIKIN



# David's Quest

CONSTANT JOLIVET

*An unusual story telling of the strange experience that befel David in the course of his quest, and of the unexpected good fortune that rewarded him :: :: ::*

DAVID COPPENGHER kicked a stone out of his way, and drove his hands deeper into his pockets. He was down-and-out, having tried with no success for many weeks to obtain employment. Here he was, with sixpence between him and starvation or "to apply for the dole." David felt the former was preferable to the latter.

It was a glorious spring day—a real foretaste of the coming summer. Until now David had been too depressed after the last disappointment to notice the beauty of the newly-budding trees, and first sweet spring flowers, but on turning into St. Stephen's Green, the opening joys of reviving flowers and plant life forced themselves upon his consciousness, and a glad feeling in spite of all his woes permeated and gave him a new sense of well-being. He sat and rested and watched the children sailing their miniature crafts, and when appealed to by some little fellow, he rescued several important vessels from drowning.

Reluctantly leaving the park and about to cross the road, he saw a small child who was carrying a jug. In an effort to escape a passing motor, she fell, and all the milk was spilt over the pavement. The little girl cried lustily, and though many looked sympathetically at her, they were all in a hurry, and no one stopped.

As he could not bear the sight of a child's woe, David stooped his six feet of weary manhood and told the little one "not to worry."

"But I'll be bet," she wailed. "Me mother'll murdher me," and she sobbed all the more.

"How much did the milk cost?" asked David.

"Thruppence," said the child, between her sobs, "and it all spilt."

"Well, cheer up and come with me, and we'll buy another 'thruppence's' worth," said David, smiling, his first smile for weeks, and hand in hand the two went, the tall man and the tiny child. When the jug was duly replenished, cautioning her to be more careful, he saw her safely across the road, all tears banished, and the little one anxious to get home.

With his fortune reduced now to 3d., David walked on, conscious of increasing weariness, footsoreness and hunger. Going up the Quay, and noticing crowds of people passing in and out of the Franciscan Church, David followed, remembering suddenly it was Holy Thursday. He had been at the morning ceremonies, but his disappointment had driven all else out of his mind.

Passing the statue of St. Anthony, and finding it shrouded in purple covering, he took out of his pocket a "wee" cylinder, opened it, and spoke thus to the little statue of St. Anthony encased therein: "St. Anthony" he implored, "find me a job; ask the Divine Child to save me from the 'dole'." As he gazed, he almost fancied the saint winked. Much comforted, anyway, he followed the steady stream of worshippers, all spending some time at the beautiful, brilliantly-lighted Altar of Repose.

After a most fervent prayer, David went to a retired part of the church and took out his Rosary, to begin the five Sorrowful Mysteries. He sat down, very dejected and weary, but with a curious sense of not being alone stealing over him, and this made him anxious to prolong his visit.

David found himself walking down a narrow street in the midst of a yelling howling crowd. Excited, curiously-dressed men were darting hither and thither,



holding up between finger and thumb a large silver piece. One of these men, tall, dark, with piercing eyes alight with what looked like hatred, stooped, and looking at David, hissed rather than spoke : " Call out ' Crucify Him ' and this silver is yours."

David, remembering the threepence between him and destitution, called out almost gaily : " Crucify Him," and was given the silver at once. Seeing other men were making the same seemingly mad offer, and thinking he might as well capture as many as possible of them, David got lively, and by dodging about rapidly, he intercepted several, and each man said the same thing, and as he yelled " Crucify Him," got the reward, until both his hands were filled with the silver coins.

Just then, a sudden terrifying silence fell upon the noisy, yelling throng, and a movement was made to clear space where the big gates opened out into the narrow street. David stood, wondering what it all meant.

Out from the Courtyard rode a soldier, evidently one of importance ; next followed more soldiers on foot—then two criminals cursing and swearing as they carried their implement of death on their backs. Thinking that was all, David moved nearer to the gate, and just as he came in front of it, he stood petrified, looking into the most wonderful eyes he had ever seen, and at the most pathetic Figure of a Man. Those eyes : they riveted his gaze. They were so full of love, of longing to be loved. David felt his whole heart go out to this Man of Sorrows, who had so evidently been treated with diabolical cruelty until almost all semblance of manhood was hidden behind the bleeding, bruised Body, and David thought he heard Him say, in a sweet, low musical voice : " I am enduring all this for you, David."

One by one, out of David's nerveless grasp, fell the silver pieces unheeded on to the road. Was it to aid and abet in *this* that he, David, had called out " Crucify Him " ? He felt a great longing stealing over him to speak to, to comfort and help this Stranger whose look of love had captivated him ; but the soldiers guarding the Prisoner hustled David out of the way and half-dragged, half-pushed their Victim forward.

At the end of the street there was a halt. He had fallen. Again David tried to reach Him ; his heart was on fire to aid or rescue this Man, but found himself powerless. Again the sad Procession started, the crowds increasing ; as they turned the corner, a little group caused a momentary stop ; and David just glimpsed the most beautiful Woman he had ever seen : what sadness expressed by attitude and look ! Her little hands were joined and held to her breast as if in supplication, her eyes drowned in tears were gazing at The Stranger, and even from where he stood, hemmed-in by the crowd, David noticed the likeness, and guessed it was the Mother looking on her Son. Strong man as he was, David felt the tears rise to his own eyes, for he had never seen such woe or such courage. She never uttered a sound. She tried to reach her Son, but the rough soldiers pulled and dragged Him along, but not before The Son had returned her look of love, and that gave her renewed strength. She followed after.

It was becoming obvious even to the callous soldiers that their Victim was exhausted. They hailed a countryman who was passing by and forced him to help, and David envied him. Once more their Victim fell and a woman from the crowd rushed in between the guard, and before they can stop her, she hands Him her veil to wipe the blood and sweat from His poor Face. Again they get started, and when a group of weeping women impeded their progress, the Stranger halted, and with a strong, clear musical voice, called out to them " not to weep for Him but for themselves and for their children."

As the sad Procession nears the hill just outside the city wall, again He falls, and this time it is with difficulty He can be got to rise, so weak and exhausted



is He, yet they half drag, half carry Him onward to the summit. Then these rough soldiers tore off His garment and nailed Him to the Cross. It is obvious now how they have ill-treated their Prisoner, covered with wounds and all of them bleeding afresh as the garments were pulled off. David could look no longer, and was turning to leave when he again saw the Beautiful Woman whom he knew by instinct was the Sorrowing Mother. Her gaze was fixed on her Crucified Son, her anguish and horror at the sight of those cruel, cruel wounds was pathetic. Fascinated, David stood watching her.

Suddenly a voice, strong, clear and vibrant with tender pity, attracted his attention and, turning back, he looked again at the dying Man on the Cross. The voice was not like that of one dying, but one that could be heard clearly as he called out "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

David covered his face with his hands and ran down the hill sobbing like a child and then—the touch of two little hands and a sweet child's voice asking in distress, but softly, for were they not "in church."

"What's the matter, Mr. Man, why do you cry? Daddy never cries, don't cry any more!"

David awoke, he felt dazed, the tears were streaming down his face, and for a moment he could not realize where he was.

A pretty child of about seven years old was standing beside him, a fairy-like little person dressed in white woollies, woollies with touches of blue to show she was still dedicated to Our Blessed Lady, very concerned at "a big man crying."

Before David could frame a reply, the little one darted out of the bench, and seizing a gentleman who seemed to be looking for someone, said: "Daddy, here I am! Come here, daddy," and she drew him to where David was now standing. David found it hard to believe his vision had not been real, it was still visible before him.

"I was looking for you, Maureen, and thought you were lost," said daddy.

"This man is crying, daddy," said Maureen. "You'll cure him, won't you, daddy dear?"

"Well!" said daddy, "bring him along with you, dear, as we mustn't talk in church," and the little girl took David by the hand, insisting on his accompanying her.

Once outside, Michael Murphy (known in commercial circles as Multi-Mick), stopped to examine his new acquaintance. He was a steady, hard worker, an efficient, observant, resourceful man of affairs, who had worked his way up the ladder of success by sheer force of merit. Turning, he glanced keenly at David, noting how well set-up he was, how neatly dressed, yet, with that indefinable look that poverty and under-feeding brings in its wake.

"Hard up: is that the trouble?" he asked, with his usual bluntness.

"That was the trouble," said David, "but it wasn't that which caused the unwonted tears. That sorrow bites deeper."

"What's your line, business or profession?" Michael then asked.

"Half through the Engineer Course, but circumstances caused me to give it up and go into a big works in Cork. I was doing well there until a slump in the market came and about 200 of us were sacked. Since then, the search has been fruitless."

Maureen had been holding daddy's hand as they stood, and listening to David being catechised by her daddy, and now she gave a little *pas seul*, and said, excitedly:

"Daddy! 'spose he (pointing to David) 'spose he could drive our car, then Manders could go home to his sick mother."

"By jove! Maureen, you're great," admiringly exclaimed dad, "that would be just the solution." Turning eagerly to David: "Can you drive?"

"What I don't know about cars isn't worth knowing" laughed David. "I was brought up amongst them."



"Well!" said Michael, "what's wrong with your coming to us?" indicating his small daughter, "for a few weeks, if you wouldn't mind the bother of running the car for us. Manders," pointing to the chauffeur, "wants a few days' leave. I've lost my nerve for driving; was in a bad accident, hurt my right arm, it's practically useless, and I take my one ewe lamb" (patting Maureen on the head) "with me whenever I can, so naturally I have to be particular. Is it a deal?"

Maureen looked up coaxingly at David.

Flushing with surprise and pleasure, David nodded: he could not speak for the moment.

They were now halting beside a handsome Daimler, with a smart chauffeur holding open the door. Michael said:

"Manders, Mr. . . . ?"

"Coppenger," David supplemented.

"Mr. Coppenger has very kindly promised to drive Miss Maureen and myself during the Easter holidays: so you can get along to your people for Easter."

Manders, who was standing erect, had looked preoccupied and sad, now brightened up, saying "Thank you, sir."

"Can you come along with us now? Where do you live?" asked Michael.

"Just two streets away. Yes, I'll be delighted to come," answered David, who saw in all this St. Anthony's helping hand.

Maureen got into the car first, and when daddy stooped to follow her, she gave him a big kiss and an ecstatic hug, murmuring in a caressing tone: "You are 'some daddy'."

David nipped-in beside the chauffeur. They called at his "digs" and David hurriedly gathered a few things, and away they drove to the handsome residence of Michael Murphy, near Malahide.

They made one stop, at Michael's tailors. He disappeared into the building, emerging in a short time with a large box, which was safely stowed away.

After dinner, David went down to the garage, and completely won Manders' heart, likewise his respect, for the knowledge he displayed, and the appreciation he expressed, in no stinted terms, of the apple-pie order in which everything was kept.

Maureen was delighted, and David promised to teach her how to drive when she was a "big girl" and "grow'd up."

Multi-Mick attended the preaching of the "Three Hours' Agony" at Gardiner Street Church, and David with him. As David listened, it revived his wonderful Vision, and awoke a great ambition within him.

Maureen presented the box dad had brought from the tailors as an Easter gift to David. It was an Irish tweed driving coat.

Some weeks afterwards, when Manders returned, David had an interesting interview with the Father Guardian of the Franciscan Friary, and the result was a "life job" in the service of the "King of Kings."

David never forgot that one sentence, and could still hear the clear, sweet, loving voice: "I endured it all for you, David"—and we, each one of us, can hear that loving "Voice" if we "listen-in" to It.

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### For the Canonisation of Blessed Gemma Galgani.

By the special direction of Most Rev. Fr. Titus, C.P., General of the Passionists, our readers are invited to send their offerings towards the Canonisation of Bl. Gemma Galgani. All such offerings will be acknowledged in *The Cross* and will be forwarded to Rome by the Managing Editor. Since the last list, the following sums have been received:—

D. D. (Cork), 1/-; N. P. (Dublin), 5/-; B. S. (Dublin), 2/-; D. McC. (Dublin) 2/6; Anon., 2/6.

Offerings may be sent to The Managing Editor, *The Cross*, Mount Argus, Dublin.





BASILICA AND RETREAT OF SS. JOHN AND PAUL, ROME.

# A Roman Memory

The Home of St. Paul of the Cross

EDMOND JOLY

"The memorial room has known that hour that epitomizes a whole life, that hour in which the last candle announces a dawn elsewhere. . . . The room of the saint, which ceased changing when he ceased living, preserves for us the earthly setting on which his eyes rested for the last time."

[EDITOR'S NOTE : The late M. Edmond Joly, one of the most distinguished Catholic scholars in France, was frequently described as "the French Ruskin." He combined extraordinary beauty of style with an immense knowledge of Church history and art. This article, which describes the home of St. Paul of the Cross in Rome, is taken from his volume "Homes of the Saints in Rome" by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, Ltd., London. The translation is by E. F. Peeler.]

ANOTHER proof that the Passion of Our Lord and that of His martyrs was still inflaming souls in Rome during this eighteenth century, which was otherwise so sceptical and hard of heart, is to be found on the Caelius, where the gardens of the Passionists seem to respond to those of the Friars Minor on the Palatine and, like them, afford a superb view of the Colosseum. Here St. Paul of the Cross, their founder, whose body reposes in a sumptuous chapel added by the religious to the ancient church of Santi Giovanni e Paolo, which was served by them, ended his long and wonderful life. In their convent,



together with objects used by him and precious autographs, is preserved the saint's room, with the altar where he celebrated, and where heaven opened for him so often.

At his birth at Ovada, in the vicinity of Genoa, on the night of January 3, 1694, a miraculous light presaged the brilliance of his devotion to the Church, while at his baptism, on the Feast of the Epiphany, the names of Paul and Francis signified his apostolic zeal and his devotion to the Cross. The greater part of his long life was in fact consecrated to the foundation of an Order that was to honour the Passion of the Saviour, despite continual hostility and the torments of the Evil One. To-day, we see on all sides the livery of this Order,



**SS. JOHN AND PAUL, ROME.**  
Room where St. Paul of the Cross died marked  
with a cross.

conspicuous by its black heart containing the words, worked in white, "Jesu Christi Passio." A livery composed solely of darkness and light, without a trace of the colours that are the life of day. No other monastic clothing is so solemnly and strictly funereal, except, perhaps, the "angelic robe," too elaborate withal, worn by the monks of Mt. Athos on the day when they take their vows. This, too, is all in black and white, with figures of seraphim around the instruments of the Passion. By a strange coincidence, the long enduring labours of the founder were at last rewarded by the Pope, Clement XIV, who watched the rising of the revolutionary frenzy and the abandonment of thrones, and who, for

the sake of these last, sacrificed the strongest social bulwark, another Order of Jesus, of Jesus no longer immolated, but militant and triumphant.

The saint's affection for the unhappy pontiff takes us behind the scenes of the tragedy and shows us the soul of the principal actor, timid but upright, defeated by trickery, as that of his successors was crushed by violence. On his election, Clement XIV, hoping to inaugurate a renewal of fervour after the evil times that had just gone by, announced the celebration of a special jubilee and asked St. Paul of the Cross, despite his enfeeblement through old age and the labours of his ministry, to preach the indulgence in one of the principal

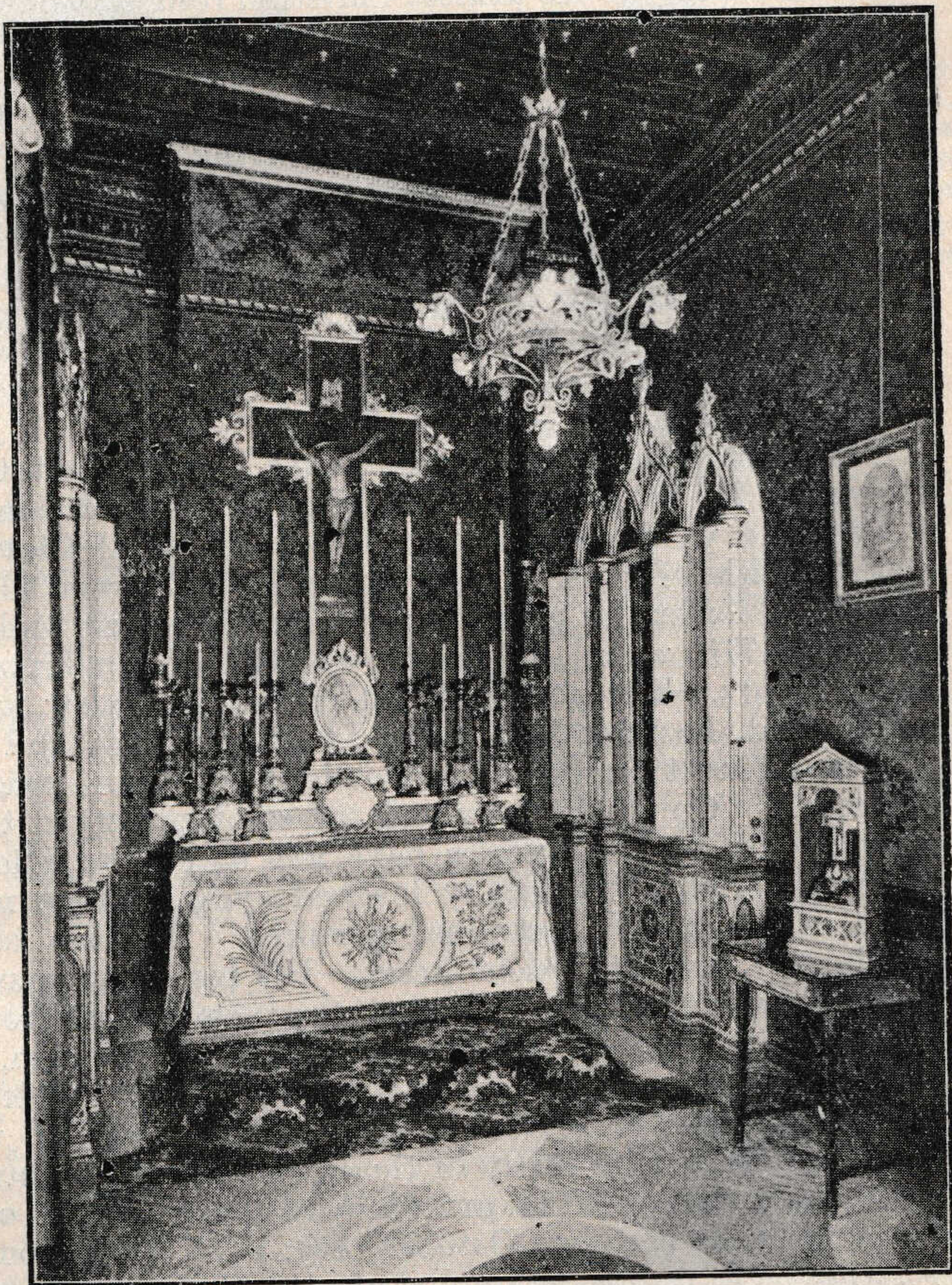


churches of Rome. The people were amazed to see the old man at Santa Maria in Trastevere transfigured by his pious zeal. As a result of hearing him, the Princess of Carignano and her husband, Prince Doria, resolved to spend the rest of their lives in complete retirement, even in their palace. As Father Paul Joseph of the Immaculate Conception tells us in his biography of the saint, the princess became "*lo specchio della romana nobiltà in ogni cristiana virtù.*"

When the patriarch's health began to fail even more gravely, the Pope, clearly anxious to retain for the Holy See so strong a moral support, forbade him to leave Rome. These, then, were the pontiff's sentiments in the time preceding the fatal day of July 21, 1773, when the downfall of the Company of Jesus was complete. Five years

before, Paul of the Cross, who understood and loved the Order of the Jesuits, had written, in a letter to Father Reali, prophetic words concerning the disaster and also its reparation in the distant future. He now redoubled his prayers for the pontiff and his devotion to him, and the latter showed him a filial affection, admitting him to his private chapel, sometimes detaining him at his table, and spending much time in conversation with him. Finally, the better to retain him in Rome, and in spite of the entreaties of his convents, the Pope presented him with the basilica of SS. John and Paul, which thirty years previously, in a moment of ecstasy, the saint had foreseen would one day be his. Passing with his friend Struzziere along the charming road that winds along the Caelius between the monastery gardens, the religious, on reaching the basilica of SS. John and Paul, was suddenly transfigured, and he cried out: "O God, my home! The house where I am to live, and where I am to die!"

This strange incident came to the ears of others, and the prophet attempted to cloak its miraculous character by attributing his words to his admiration for the sanctuary of the great martyrs. However, after many years had passed, the day came when he was to take possession of the basilica. Cardinal Boschi, delighted to see the sanctuary whose title he bore served by a saint, arrived in



**ROOM OF ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS.**  
Now used as an oratory, it contains many personal  
relics of the Founder of the Passionists.



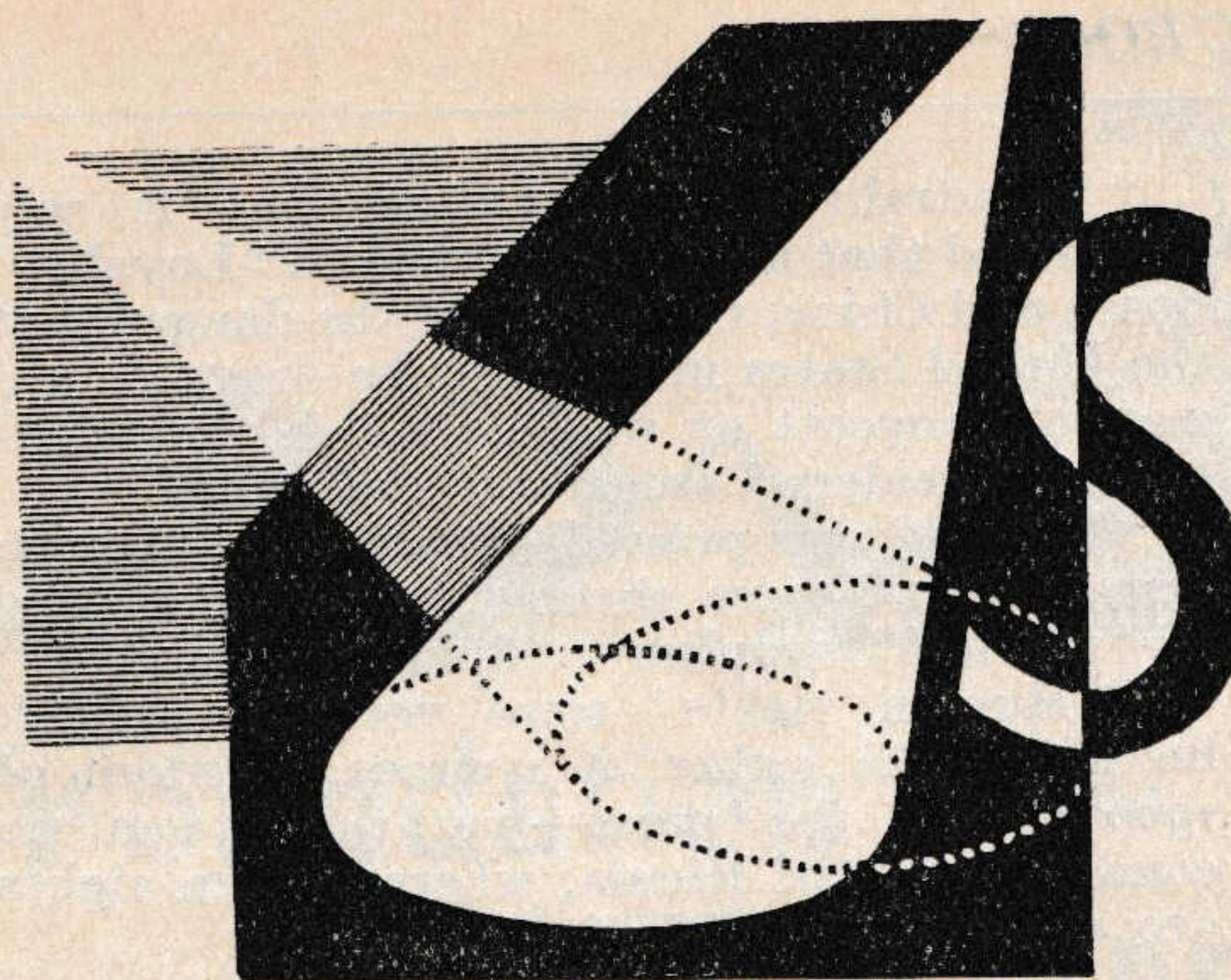
state with two carriages to drive him to the church, and it was only with great difficulty that Paul persuaded the cardinal to allow him to dispense with this pomp and to go with his religious on foot. Thanks to this new installation, which put him among his own people, he was able to celebrate the office of Christmas, upheld by the arms of his brethren, and to have himself carried to the Papal audience. In the same way he performed the offices of Holy Week, when his tears and his fervour gave him a momentary appearance of good health.

The Pope returned his visit on the Feast of SS. John and Paul and held a long conversation with the apostle of Jesus crucified. This was the last meeting of the two holy friends : Clement XIV succumbed soon afterwards to an illness which he bore with the utmost Christian resignation, and the saint was prevented by his infirmity from going to his assistance. It is known, however, that the pontiff's agony was alleviated in a miraculous fashion : Alphonsus Liguori, although at the same hour he was seen sleeping in his cell at Sant' Agata dei Goti, near Naples, was also with the dying pontiff. Paul's grief was very bitter. His eyes streamed with tears throughout the service which he held in his church for the deceased, and after he had been carried back to his room he was still weeping when a visitor called to offer him his sympathy. Suddenly the saint's face lit up with joy. "This is a day of rejoicing," he exclaimed, and he instructed the rector to have some sweetmeats handed round at table. It was understood that the salvation of the pontiff, his friend and benefactor, had been revealed to him.

He accompanied the conclave that met to elect the new Pope, gave it the support of his prayers and, as at the previous election, correctly prophesied who it was who would be chosen. It was Cardinal Giovanni Angelo Braschi, who took the title of Pius VI, and immediately showed his affection for the founder of the Passionists by going to see him. The visit took place on the first Sunday in Lent, 1775, when the church was full of worshippers who had come for the Forty Hours. The pontiff had a private interview with the saint. Seeing him bareheaded, he took his biretta away from him and put it back on his head.

The moment arrived when this long and grand existence was to be continued in heaven. Up to the very end the saint preserved that impressive appearance of which his contemporaries have left us a description : a tall figure, a broad forehead, bright but usually lowered eyes, aquiline nose, the clear penetrating voice of an orator, restrained gestures. His face reflected a lively and deep intelligence, and an ardent heart. His last days were devoted more than ever to the love of God and of souls ; the people came from all parts of Italy to see him once again. All heaven—the Lord, the Virgin, the angels, and saints—came down into his venerated room to honour his departure. In the heavenly light he recognised several religious of his Institute who had gone before him to their reward, and many of those whom he had converted by his word. With a great effort he raised his arms towards them, and his soul followed them, without a quiver of his body, on October 18th, 1775, in the course of his eighty-first year. At the hour of his triumphal death, the memory of which is celebrated in perpetuity by the consecration of the room which was illumined by it, he appeared to many of those who loved him. Pius VI, on hearing of his death, folded his hands and said again and again : "He is among the blessed !" Paul of the Cross bequeathed to the pontiff an image of the Addolorata, in memory of the vision which he had had when saying Mass ; the Pope received it with untold respect and kept it always near him in his private chapel. No doubt he took it with him when he was forced into exile at the time of the schism, and endured the brutal captivity of the revolutionaries instead of being welcomed by the greatest of the monarchs. Did not the image bequeathed by the saint foretell, by the symbol of Mary weeping over her divine Son, the mourning of Rome for its sovereign pontiff, the time of trial in which the abasement of the triple crown would coincide with the ruin of the old order ?





# Spotlight

## THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH.

Fr. Leonard Feeney, S.J., contributes this apposite comment to W. H. Auden's verse. The quotation comes to us from *America* via *The Catholic Digest* :

“ Private faces  
In public places  
Are wiser  
And nicer  
Than public faces  
In private places,

which means—though I may be wrong—that it is less embarrassing to meet your mother-in-law in Times Square, than to meet Mahatma Gandhi in your bath.”

\* \* \* \*

## PORTRAITS.

From the same source come thoughts, judicious and otherwise, about some noted contemporaries. Fr. Feeney genially remarks : “ I make no charge for the service.” We select a few liable to be of interest to readers over this side :

“ *Padraic Colum* : He believes in my leprechaun : I believe in his guardian-angel.

“ *Fred Astaire* : When he dances, by virtue of the beauty of sheer physical movement, he makes, in a succession of magical moments, everything intellectual seem, for the time, so ineffectual and silly.

“ *Irving Berlin* : If there is anyone who is less a poet and less a musician, who can nevertheless combine the two talents in such a convincing way, I have not as yet experienced him.

“ *Harpo Marx* : He has such an innocent abundance of eyes and such an exuberant abundance of hair, I am sure St. Francis of Assisi would try to turn him into another Brother Juniper.

“ *Noel Coward* : The fact that the same man who could write *Cavalcade* could also perpetrate *Pointe Verlain* is an indication of the measure of his responsibility before God.

“ *Anonymous* : A little bow to the appealing perpetrators of last season's best song, *Little Old Lady*, best heard, as I first heard it, to the accompaniment of an accordion. Also Deanna Durbin (not anonymous) is the most vitally attractive little girl I have ever seen on the screen.”

\* \* \* \*

## BUSINESS IS SELFISHNESS.

1. Business men say  
that everybody  
is selfish.
2. And because  
everybody is selfish  
business men think  
that business  
must be based  
on selfishness.
3. But when business  
is based on selfishness  
everybody is busy  
becoming more selfish.
4. And when everybody is busy  
becoming more selfish  
there are classes  
and clashes.

—PETER MAURIN in  
*The Catholic Worker* (N.Y.)

\* \* \* \*

## WORLD'S RECORD ?

According to statistics published in *El Labaro* (Zaragoza), Bulgaria holds the world's record for the number of centenarians amongst its population. Here are the figures, as given by a Bulgarian correspondent :

Bulgaria	.....	3,888
Roumania	.....	1,704
Jugo-Slavia	.....	573
Spain	.....	410
France	.....	213
Italy	.....	197
Austria	.....	113
England	.....	93



### SING A SONG!

There are songs and songs! Fr. Vincent McNabb, O.P., in one of his Retreat instructions, recommends a song to drive the devil away. There are some singers we know . . . but here is what he says:

"Some devils won't go away until you sing a song—not necessarily a sacred song. Dear Father Bertrand Wilberforce was a most saintly man. He would sing a comic song with such a grave face on him you'd almost feel the holiness of it all! Sometimes there are black devils who will only go out by a comic song. We must sing them at the devil. Francis Thompson said the devil doesn't know how to sing, only how to howl."

\* \* \* \*

### FATHER COUGHLIN.

Welcoming the return of Fr. Coughlin to the radio, which it describes as "a triumph of sanity and calm judgment over emotional thinking and partisan feeling," the *Brooklyn Tablet* (U.S.A.) thus estimates the lasting value of Fr. Coughlin's work:

"Regarded from the vista of the future, history will obscure the honest mistakes of the Radio Priest and highlight his personality and his defence of sound principles as a most outstanding contribution to the good of religion and the security of American Democracy. No one can foretell the future, but if any prophecy can be made, it appears safe to say that, in the judgment of honest, impartial history, the verdict will be a strong approval of the work of Father Coughlin as a loyal Catholic Priest, a champion of Christian Social Justice and a patriotic American."

\* \* \* \*

### WE'VE HEARD IT BEFORE.

"The American League against War and Fascism" has changed its title to "The American League for Peace and Democracy." It sounds better, but it means nothing—merely a new shop-window for the old stock-in-trade of pro-Russian propaganda. *The Pittsburgh Catholic* carries an account, with pointed comment, of proceedings at a recent Congress of the A.L.P.D. The quotation is worth re-printing:

"Dictators were denounced—Hitler and Mussolini especially—but Stalin was carefully excepted.

"Labour unions were praised—but no mention was made of the fact that in Russia anyone attempting to strike or to picket would be in danger of being immediately shot.

"'Neutrality' was praised—but it was demanded that arms be shipped to 'Loyalist' Spain and China, regardless of the danger that the United States might thus be dragged into war. A boycott on nations which the 'Congress' considers Fascist was demanded.

"'Peace' was praised—but former Spanish war 'heroes' were cheered, and the sending of 'medical' supplies to Spain was urged.

"'Human rights' were verbally upheld, including the rights of negroes, freedom of speech and the press—but there was no condemnation of Russia, where human rights are crushed ruthlessly."

\* \* \* \*

### SNAPSHOTS.

"The Red Army looks impressive in the moving pictures, but it is composed of the same yokels who proved such easy marks for the Germans in 1916; and they are now led by political job-holders who are even worse than the old-time boudoir soldiers."—H. L. MENCKEN in the *Baltimore Evening Sun*.

"It is inconceivable that without definite orders and mature organization, all churches in the Red territory, without exception, should be burnt down; every religious object diligently sought out and destroyed, and the vast majority of the priests, religious and nuns hunted like wild beasts and massacred with unspeakable refinements of cruelty."—PAUL CLAUDEL in *Figaro*.

"The world division into Right and Left is being reflected among the faithful. In the Church's doctrine there is no such place for such a division. The only division that the Church excludes is the Wrong. She is so Rightist that Russia denounces her as Fascist, so Leftish that Germany denounces her as Communist, so human that the Puritans denounce her as corrupt, and withal so divine that the worldly denounce her as a kill-joy."—G. MAC EGIN in the *Irish Monthly*.

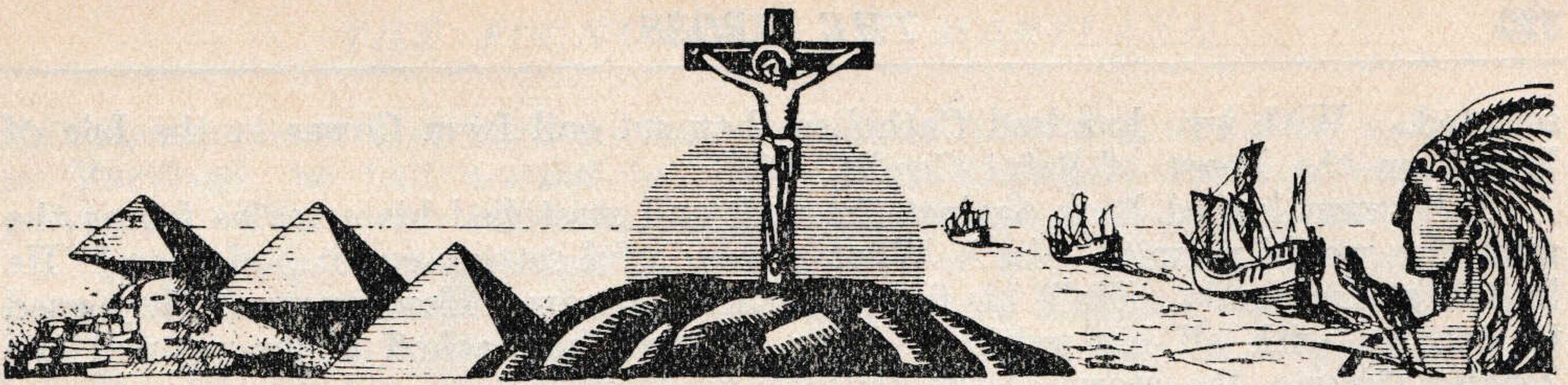
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### STEPPING OUT.

A United Press Despatch, quoted by *Parade* (London) has some interesting things to say about stepping out. Statistics prepared by the American National Association of Chiropodists show that the record is held by a mother busy with her housework and children. She takes some 12,000 steps daily. Total number of steps taken by others:

Athletic girl	10,000
Nurse	10,000
Professional Woman	9,000
Girl wearing high heels	8,000
Society Woman	6,000





# Foundation of Maryland

No. 4 of Series "I Was There"

REV. MARTIN DEMPSEY

Once they had called him the apostle of Maryland. Now he was Andrew White, traitor, guilty of treason. It had been such a peaceful beginning; the priest groaned as he thought of the fair promises which had failed to be realized :: :: :: ::

**B**ELOW decks the heat was stifling, and the priest, lying in the corner, unshaven and with matted hair, called out for water. But no one answered him. No one heard him. A silent ship in a windless ocean, with a crew too occupied with their own affairs to heed the cries of a prisoner. And all the time the sun beat down on the white deck and its heat penetrated to the prison cabin. "Water!" he cried again, and as he rose to his feet the chains which bound him thudded and rattled on the wooden floor. Only towards evening would they come and attend to his wants. For an outcast has no attendants, and one guilty of treason is only fit for contempt. And yet once they had called him the apostle of Maryland. Only now, on the stiff parchment sheets of the indictment, he was written down as Andrew White, traitor, guilty of treason. He was going home, home as a captive, home to his trial. He had worked for God and England. And now he was being brought back on an English ship to stand his trial. Once more he called out. There was no sound save the splash of the waves against the ship.

The Apostle of Maryland! It was George Calvert of Kipling in Yorkshire, graduate of Oxford University, Secretary of State, Baron of Baltimore, and friend of the King, who had first conceived the idea of founding a British colony in that part of the world now known as Maryland. At first he had planned to colonize Newfoundland, but the opposition of the French had made him finally decide on Maryland. The King encouraged the project, and George Calvert returned from his journeyings. But before the details were concluded, the first Lord Baltimore died. A few years prior to his death he had become a Catholic and on that account had resigned his high offices of state. A noble gentleman, a true Englishman and a loyal Catholic, he was buried in the April of 1632 in the Church of St. Dunstan, London.

Cecil Calvert succeeded both to the title and to the ambitions of his father. Charles I granted the royal charter and gave to the Baron and his heirs "all that part of the peninsula lying in the parts of America between the ocean on the east and the Bay of Chesapeake on the west." In honour of Queen Henrietta Maria the new colony was called Maryland. Liberal promises of land and of the natural wealth of the country were offered to all those who helped to finance the scheme. The Father-General of the Jesuits and the Provincial of the English Province were requested to send members of their Order to minister to the spiritual needs of the colonists as well as for the conversion of the Indians. Fr. Andrew White, Fathers Altham, Knowles and Hayes and a lay-brother, were



selected. With two hundred Catholics they set sail from Cowes in the Isle of Wight on the Feast of Saint Cecilia, 1633.

The priest leaned back against the wall and stretched his arms as far as the manacles would permit. Yes! What a wonderful setting-out it had been! He looked at his hands. Well, his fingers could rest now. How cramped they used to become with all his writing. How his arm had ached as he penned the *Relatio Itineris*, the story of the journey to Maryland.

Everything, even the East wind blowing so gently, had been in their favour. Out of Cowes, out of English waters, the ship had sped on. Almighty God, His Mother, St. Ignatius and the Holy Angels of Maryland were their protectors. A storm had threatened them, but he had been calm and unmoved. God would not fail them. They were bearing His Name into a new land, spreading the Faith and teaching the Gospel. On they went, past Barbadoes, Guadalupe, Montserrat to the island of St. Christopher. Then on to Point Comfort in Virginia and down the last stretch through Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the river that they named after St. Gregory.

On the Feast of the Annunciation, 1634, Mass, the first Mass ever to be said in Maryland, was celebrated. Many had been his mementoes in that Mass. The Annunciation of Mary, the dawn of Christianity. The Annunciation and the Child conceived in the Immaculate Womb of the Mother. The Annunciation, sixteen centuries later and Christianity born in Maryland.

And after the Mass they had borne a rude cross, a cross hewn from a tree, borne it on their shoulders as they advanced into this new and free land. They had set it up, the sign of their Faith, and prayed to God that He might bless their labours.

Then more sailing, on up the Potomac to the harbour they had called after Our Lady and St. George. The King and his people had welcomed them and there they had begun the colony. Houses were built, fields tilled, and the seed from the ships was sown in this foreign land. The seed grew, and like it the Catholic Faith flourished. Kings with their subjects were received into the Church. There were only a few missionaries, but they laboured throughout the length and breadth of the land. In a sailing boat the priest would set off with an interpreter. They would carry with them the sacred Mass vessels and vestments; food supplies; presents for the Indians; a tent. Then off to some distant village to make friends with the natives, to tell them of Jesus Christ. Hard journeys they had been when the wind dropped and the boat had to be rowed. Hard journeys in the rains when the ground was swamped and the tent must be pitched on ground that was like a swamp. But in spite of all the hardships it had been wonderful.

It was such a successful beginning. The voyage was over and the people had welcomed them. Within six months the colony was prospering. Men who had put their all into the expedition thanked God for the blessings He had showered on them. The dark days were over and gone.

To Andrew White it was like a dream, like a peaceful dream that has followed a troubled sleep. England, with its Penal Laws and persecution, was a thing of the past. What a difference was there between Maryland and England.

A London man, he had been born in 1579, when England was in the throes of that awful Reformation. A foreign religion imported by a rebellious and lustful King and encouraged by a Queen, had cut off England from Rome and Catholicism. Andrew White himself had suffered. At the age of sixteen he had gone to Valladolid, from there to the English College at Seville, where he had been ordained priest in 1605. Then he had returned to his country, only to be captured in the following year and to be banished for ever. He and forty-six other priests were thus exiled from their country. He had gone to Louvain and there had entered the Society of Jesus. He was twenty-eight when



his superiors sent him back to England. And from then until he was called to Maryland, he had worked in and out of England, teaching, organizing, governing. Then with Maryland there began another chapter in his life.

The priest prisoner groaned as he thought of how fair promises and great expectations had failed to be realized. Despised in England, the Catholics had hoped for so much in this new colony. Only the Puritans in Virginia had no intention of allowing recusants to prosper. In 1645 the colony was raided and the missionaries carried off. And they had brought Andrew White back to England charged with treason. Such was the return journey, so great a contrast to the glorious and successful setting-out of a decade of years ago. Then Maryland had only been a name. All the arduous work that had been done was now undone, and the Catholic missionaries were the main object of hatred and attack. To the world it might seem as if the life of at least one priest had been wasted in Maryland. God alone could put value on the work he had done so wholeheartedly.

And yet, he consoled himself, there was nothing new in this homecoming of his. Nothing in it that had not been experienced by others before him. Just a page of history so alike to all the other pages in the story of the Church. Just another story of another follower of Christ, common to all lands, to all ages, to all the servants of God. Life after life has ended thus when disgrace and the contempt of men has been the world's reward. Nowhere better than in the lives of priests and nuns can there be seen the ingratitude of the world. Apart from serving God, their work for man has been, and is, inestimable. And yet, thought Fr. White, so many had seen their labour end like this. It is a fact to be lamented, but lamented without tears, for it was to be expected. So work on until you can do no more, poor priest, and expect no gratitude from any save God.

There was a noise of footsteps along the passage. A bolt was shot back and a sailor entered with a jug of water and a loaf of bread.

"The wind is coming up" he told the priest. "Another week, another two weeks, and then England."

Then England!

He had not known then that they would dismiss the charge laid against him. He had not known then that he would live and die peacefully in his own land. He only knew that he had helped to plant the Faith in the New World. And, for him, in this life, there was reward enough in knowing that the Catholic Church would continue: that no persecution or opposition, however great it might be, would extinguish the light of Faith in the far-off colony of Maryland.

.....@.....

## Good Friday

The dreadful day wore on, and still He hung  
Between the dying thieves suspended high,  
Only a little group, grief-racked and worn,  
Through the long hours sad vigil kept nearby.  
Few knew and fewer cared He died that day,  
The world had killed the Messenger of God.  
But lowly men were hiving words He said  
When He in Galilee beside them trod.  
Ere sank the sun that day, throughout the world  
The Banner of the Cross had been unfurled.

MAEVE CAVANAGH MACDOWELL.

.....@.....





## CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE PASSION AND CONSEQUENCES.

### XL.—JESUS DEAD ; EARTHQUAKES ; FEAR AND REMORSE.

When Jesus died the crowds became quickly aware of it. The darkness lifted and they saw the limp Figure of their crucified, best Friend, sagging motionless on the Cross, white and red against the dark background of the still sullen sky.

Aghast, they looked and saw what they had done ; and while they trembled and held to each other, the ground under their feet rose and lifted them as on a heaving billow of the sea ; there was an earthquake, and the rock of Calvary split in an open fissure across its natural stratum, and down to its base.

The Cross and the Figure on it seemed to wave a menace at them. They ran, priests and people, on mules or on foot, "and all the multitude of them that were come to that sight and saw the things that were done, returned striking their breasts" (Luke, XXIII, 48). And as they went "the graves were opened and many bodies of the saints that had slept arose" (Matt., XXVII, 52), and the crowd saw men among them, beside them, who had been dead, and whom they themselves had buried.

Yet our Blessed Saviour had not entirely abandoned them. Even in death, the grace He flashed over them, moved the vast bulk of them to strike their breasts in sorrow or remorse for what they had done.

They remembered now, that Jesus had always been, at least, a good Man. He had always sympathised with the sick and suffering, He had befriended the poor and the oppressed, and taken the part of the working classes. He had done many miracles for their benefit, never one for Himself. He had given them sound advice, and pointed out the way through labour or adversity to gain eternal rest and happiness. He had defended them against the tyranny of a priesthood that had usurped authority, and He had exposed the haughty sanctity of the Pharisees to be merely a showy religious sham . . . . and now at the instigation of these sneaking tricksters, they had turned against Him in one morning, and begged for, and got Him crucified, and dead before evening. No wonder they beat their breasts as, thinking it over, they fled from the scene.

When the terrible cataclysm subsided, there were few left on Calvary. Duty alone held the Roman soldiers to their post, but the heroic Mother of Jesus with Mary of Cleophas, and John and his mother, Salome, and Mary Magdalen, remained steadfast in love by the Cross of their Beloved. Besides these, "all His acquaintance and the women that had followed Him from Galilee stood afar off, beholding these things." Among these latter we find Johanna mentioned later, and in all probability her constant companion, Susanna, was with her.

Many of His disciples also were witnesses from a distance. The Gospel accounts of SS. Matthew and Mark testify that they themselves were witnesses,



although further away than John. These all approached nearer as the mob fled; the abundant graces so lavishly bestowed by their generous Lord in this great sacrificial act, strengthened them against the disturbances of nature; the earthquake did not frighten them away. Full of fear they may have been, but some of them had love enough to hold them there, and remain to do the burial rites.

Meanwhile a revelation of most awful consequence awaited the priests. When they returned to the city they learnt that "**the veil of the Temple was rent in two, from the top even to the bottom**" (Matt., XXVII, 51).

This was a portent even more alarming than the splitting rock of Calvary; for this great veil, suspended from a massive stone lintel, hung before the Holy of Holies. It was composed of very strong linen, overlaid with most elaborate embroidery, which prevented all possibility of it being torn along the lines of warp or woof; it had been made to the express command of God, "of violet and purple and scarlet twice dyed, and fine twisted linen wrought with embroidery of goodly variety" (Exod., XXVI, 31).

To the priests, this rending of the veil was a direct special act of God. To their minds, well accustomed to prophetic warnings, it signified the final breaking-up of the Jewish religion of types and figures, and the stripping of it of all honour and reverence forever. . . . To us, the rending of that veil, which shut out all but the Jewish High Priest from the innermost sanctuary, was the throwing open of the gate of heaven to all mankind.

Its moral significance to us to-day, urges us to rend asunder the veil of ignorance that blinds us from seeing how necessary and peremptory it is for us to know the commands of God and His Church, that we may observe them: and to tear away the veils of passion that are barriers between us and the practice of those virtues which Christ taught and have been made known to us by the Evangelists and explained by Holy Church.

And for our past offences let us renew our sorrow, and as the multitude returned from Calvary beating their breasts, so let us in the *Confiteor* strike our breasts in sorrow and say: "through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault," and thus Christ's death will be a pledge of our future happy resurrection.

#### THEMES FOR THOUGHT.

*What think you of Jesus Crucified? Is He your Saviour?  
Did He preach, and pray, and offer Himself up for your salvation?  
Did He endure in spite of you, and die of a broken Heart for you?  
What think you of yourself? Did you crucify Him by sin?  
Crucifixion by sin, is "a mockery" of Christ's death on the Cross.  
What benefit will His death be to you? . . . You don't know! . . . Think.*

#### PRAYER.

O Jesus, Son of God, and Mary's Son . . . King of eternal glory and Mary's Baby . Redeemer of the world, and my Saviour from hell . . . O Heart of generous love, that loved me and died for me . . . that loved us all and died for us all . . . by our sins, we have put Thee to death . . . and sometimes, O Jesus, we laughed while we sinned.

We cannot hurt Thee now, for now Thou art on the bosom of Thy Father, with Thy gentle Mother Mary's hand in Thine; but we can hurt ourselves; we live in a world of sin, we are tempted and we are weak, we have sinned in the past, we have crucified Thee.

But, O Jesus, we are sorry now, we cannot say how sorry. . . . Forgive us the past, help us in the future. . . . Let us die with Thee, and rise to thank Thee for a redemption we were unworthy of, and for a happiness we could never have deserved.

REV. FATHER HUBERT, C.P.

#### NAMES OF DECEASED.

Sister Catherine Donegan, C.R.L., Charles Conway, Annie Kinsella, Charles Deans, Hugh O'Brien, Mary Ferns, Mary Burrows, Gerald Kehoe, Arthur Donnelly, Fintan Butler, Alice Hayes, Ernest Jenkins.



# The Passionists in S. Australia

.....(G).....

Reprinted from  
“*Passionist Jubilee Chronicle*”

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In “*The Cross Annual*” we told  
the story of the Passionist founda-  
tion at Marrickville, Sydney.  
Here we give an interesting  
account of another well-known  
Passionist Retreat at Glen Os-  
mund, South Australia :: ::  
.....

ON January 10th, 1896, when Fathers Hilary and Kevin took possession, on behalf of the Passionist Fathers, of the property known as “The Glen,” Glen Osmond, South Australia, they forged another link in a chain of historic associations, and initiated a religious enterprise that was destined to exert a potent influence on the Catholic life of the State. Authentic records of this property carry us back to the year 1840, at which time Mr. Arthur Hardy, the founder of a now well-known firm of vigneron, was producing choice wines from what was probably Australia’s first vineyard. In 1847, Mr. Joseph Barrow Montefiore bought sixteen acres of land from Mr. Hardy, and immediately erected on the property a house which, in those far-off days, was regarded as palatial. Some few years later “The Glen” passed into the hands of Mr. John Stephen Boldero, who had served for a considerable period in administrative capacity in India, and who now betrayed his yearnings for things Oriental by remodelling the beautiful garden in typically Eastern style. The next owner of the estate was Mr. Justice Boothby, one of the earliest judges in the State; and it is interesting to recall that Guy Boothby, a nephew of the Judge, was born at “The Glen,” and made here his first essays into the field of literature in which he was later to win such renown.

The factors that eventually led to the establishment of a Passionist Retreat on this historic property unmistakably evidence the workings of Divine Providence. During the month of January, 1895, Fr. Hilary passed through Adelaide on his way to conduct a series of missions in the Broken Hill district. He naturally paid a courtesy call on Archbishop O’Reilly, and it chanced that, at the time of his visit, the Archbishop was engaged in conference with his Consultors. His Grace, ever the kindly host, forthwith introduced Father Hilary to them, and thus released a flood of happy and edifying recollections of Passionist priests and Passionist missions in the “Old Country.” As an outcome of this meeting, or perhaps as an outcome of the reminiscences there evoked, it was decided to invite the Passionists to undertake missionary work throughout the Archdiocese of Adelaide.

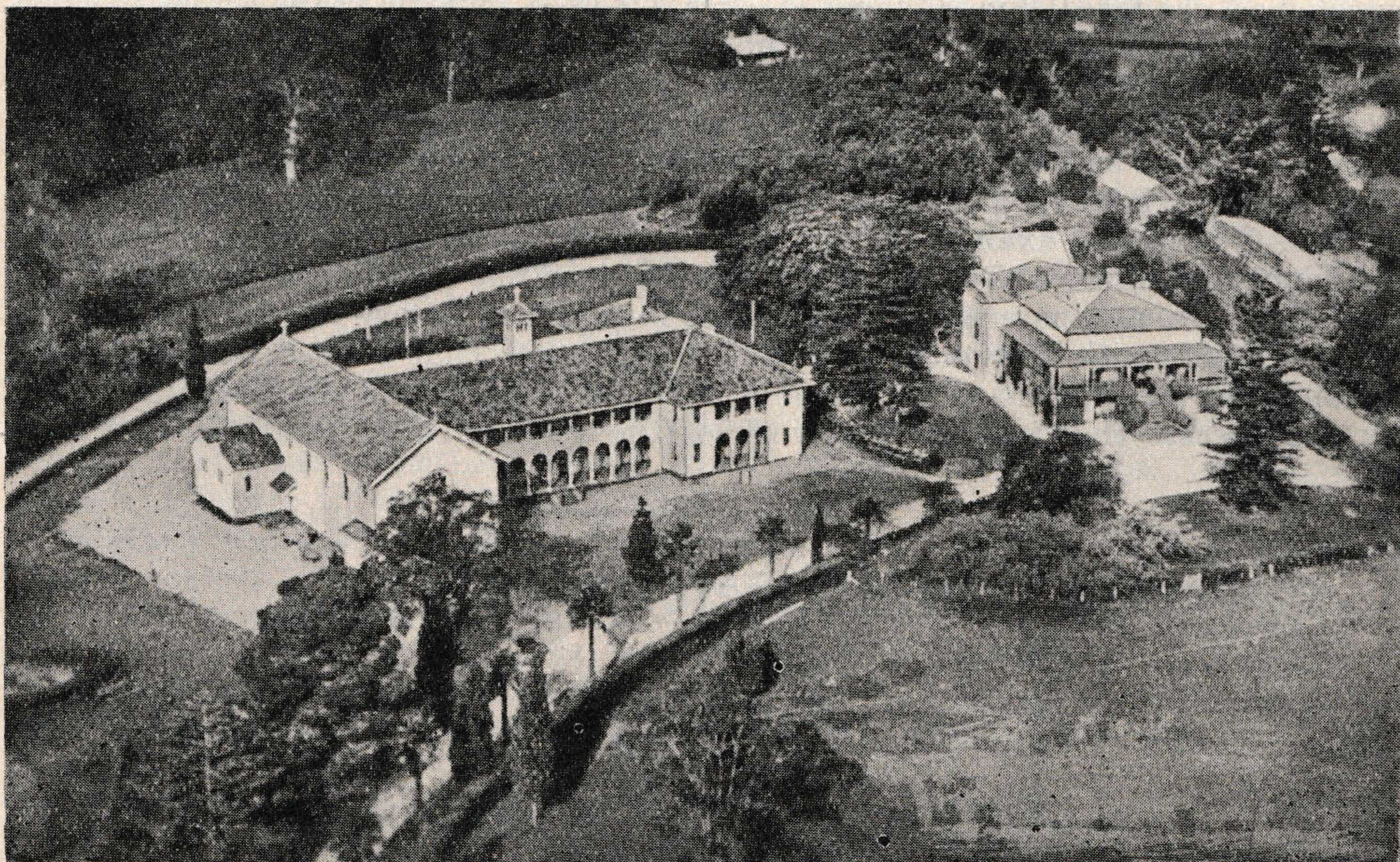
In response to this invitation, Fathers Vincent, Kevin, and Reginald went to South Australia. During the month of October the three Fathers gave a highly-successful mission at St. Francis Xavier’s Cathedral. His Grace regularly attended the various exercises of the mission; and, being quick to discern the great good accruing to his flock from the discourses, instructions, and ministrations of the Fathers, he decided to offer them a permanent foundation in his archdiocese. Much gratified by this very encouraging manifestation of esteem, and very happy at this assured prospect of the continued expansion of the Congregation in Australia, the Fathers had little hesitation in accepting His Grace’s offer.

The difficulties that usually attend a foundation of this nature were greatly minimized, in this instance, by the fact that a property ideally suited for a Passionist Retreat was discovered to be for sale. This property was “The Glen.” However, a major difficulty now presented itself. The owners were anxious to effect an outright sale; but the Passionists were poor. They had, of necessity, incurred burdensome debts in their foundations in New South Wales;



and their prospects of being in a position to pay the price quoted, £2,500, were vague indeed. In this extremity Archbishop O'Reilly came forward with a munificent donation of £1,000; His Grace's example was followed by other sympathetic friends; and in a very short time the purchase-price was secured. As already stated, Fathers Hilary and Kevin took formal possession on January 10th, 1896, and named this South Australian foundation Saint Paul's Retreat.

Having taken up residence in their new home, the two Fathers mentioned, together with Brothers Lawrence and Malachy, by whom they were soon afterwards joined, energetically set themselves to the task of effecting the many alterations that were required for the proper fitting-up of a monastic house. Needless to say, their first endeavours were directed towards a suitable Chapel. They were pleased to find that the former drawing-room could, with a few



ST. PAUL'S RETREAT, GLEN OSMUND, ADELAIDE, S.A.

structural alterations, be easily devoted to this purpose; and on January 21st, Jesus Christ, in His Eucharistic Presence, was solemnly enthroned in a home that for nearly fifty years had been in non-Catholic hands.

For some time, Archbishop O'Reilly had been considering the inauguration of a combined religious celebration in honour of the Blessed Eucharist, for he realised how inspiring to those of weak or wavering faith would be such a public manifestation of devotion to the mystery of the Real Presence. Upon the Passionists acquiring their Retreat at Glen Osmond, His Grace perceived that this would be a most suitable site for such a religious ceremony as he had in view. Accordingly, on the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi, 1902, Catholics from every city parish in Adelaide, as well as many country visitors, assembled at St. Paul's, and joyfully took their places in the Eucharistic Procession that wended its way round the beautiful grounds. For several years this procession was repeated during the month of June; but, as it was found that the weather is very uncertain in Adelaide at this time of the year, it was decided to hold this annual celebration on the second Sunday in October. "Monastery Sunday" as this day is now affectionately termed, brings together thousands



Immediately upon their arrival in Adelaide in 1896 the Archbishop entrusted to the Passionists the parochial charge of a very extensive district, and for twenty-five years they discharged this trust with true priestly zeal and fervour. These parochial cares, however, not only rendered impossible the following of the strict monastic observance, but also militated against the acceptance of many applications for the services of the Fathers in Missions and Retreats. In these circumstances, it was wisely decided by the Higher Superiors to request the Archbishop to relieve the Fathers of their parochial charge. It was with regret that His Grace consented. Being now free to lead the life of the strict observance, the Fathers were soon faced with the imperative necessity of erecting a new monastery. The house that had been their home for many years, and which had sheltered several families over a period of fifty years before it came into their hands, was now in an unhealthy and unsafe condition.

Placing their trust in God's Infinite Bounty, and urged by the kindly and practical encouragement of their beloved Archbishop, the Passionists decided to launch out on a seemingly ambitious building programme. The foundation-stone of a new church was laid by Archbishop Spence on December 11, 1927; and this church, a beautiful example of the Roman Basilica style, was solemnly blessed on November 11th, 1928. In the following year the Passionists took up their residence in a new monastery that, from foundation to roof, had been planned in accordance with Passionist monastic traditions. That such a religious home is conducive to a spirit of earnestness, holiness, and zeal, is eloquently revealed by the success that attends the work of the Passionists in South Australia.

“ *My God ! My God !* ”

Upon the Tree  
That starkly stood on Calvary,  
Bedewed with blood  
Was heard  
That heart-rent cry from Thee  
As Night enfolding land and sea  
Bowed down her head all tearfully  
And begged  
That earth might never be  
Mute witness of God’s agony  
The while Thou callest piteously  
“ *Oh, why hast Thou forsaken Me !* ”


Nailed now upon a cross of pain  
I cry mine anguish o'er again  
In fear lest pleadings all be vain—  
And forth from deeps, unplumbed, unknown  
Rise dread forebodings all mine own  
Foul things of slime, to monsters grown  
In starless caverns, still and lone  
And creeping, crawling, fright, repel  
In legions countless—fiends of hell!  
And loud I cry from broken heart  
What time my tears in torrents start  
“Oh, God of mercy, can it be  
That Thou has now forsaken me?”  
Alas, 'tis I, who have forgotten Thee!

E. P. DOWLING.



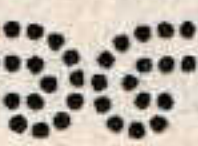
# Service for a Stranger

..........  
*FRANK L. CALVER*

..........  
"That'll be all right" she said. "You say you'll come back to-morrow? Don't say anything to the cashier."

"Thank you very, very much" he replied.

To-morrow came—but not the handsome stranger.

..........

THE restaurant in Oxford Street, London, was not very crowded that evening. Maureen O'Donovan, from her seat in a corner, surveyed the tables which she served. No one required her attention just then.

"How lonely I am," she thought, "in spite of all the people I meet in this restaurant. I've been lonely ever since mum and dad died and I had to leave Ireland and come to London two years ago to earn my living as a waitress. Customers come to dine here as part of their evening's pleasure, but for me there can be no exciting evenings out. O for the love of the right man!"

She looked just about her twenty-three years in her smart uniform, prettily-waved blonde hair, blue eyes, well-shaped nose, and attractive walk.

Presently she rose from her seat. A tall, well-groomed young fellow of about twenty-five, with neatly-brushed black hair and clean-cut features, was seating himself at one of the tables which she served. Maureen approached him with a smile, and he ordered a tastefully-chosen meal in a low, pleasant voice. As the meal progressed, she felt she liked him better than anyone she remembered seeing in the restaurant. He was obviously English, and yet, to Maureen at all events, there was something about him to suggest old Ireland. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought.

Usually she felt very much the waitress. Now she was made to feel more like a hostess. Nevertheless, the young man seemed rather preoccupied.

In due course he finished his meal, and, at a sign from him, Maureen wrote out his bill. Then, with a smile, she put it face downwards in front of him, in accordance with the etiquette of the restaurant, to convey the polite suggestion that he was at liberty to pay at his leisure. She then walked away to attend to another customer.

Presently he beckoned her to him, looking very confused.

"I say!" he began, "I'm most awfully sorry; but I haven't enough on me to pay. I remember changing my coat before I came out, and must have stupidly left my wallet in the pocket. Could you get the manager to trust me until to-morrow? I've only just enough on me for a 'bus home."

Maureen looked shrewdly at him, and decided that it was a genuine case of absent-mindedness. She would trust him.

"I'll see what I can do," she replied.

She disappeared into the back room of the restaurant and returned after a few moments, saying:

"That'll be all right. You say you'll come back to-morrow? Very well! Don't say anything to the cashier."

"Thank you very, very much," he said, reaching for his hat and coat. "You're extremely kind."

He hurried out of the restaurant with the remark: "See you again to-morrow. Thanks so much."

Maureen had not told him that, to avoid making him feel uncomfortable, and knowing how sardonic the manager would be at the idea of trusting such a customer—he had been "had" before—she had taken the money out of her own handbag and settled his bill herself.

But closing-time came next day and the young man had not returned.



Maureen went home to the boarding-house at Bloomsbury where she lived, feeling disillusioned.

It was at least a week before she gave up hope of seeing the tall, dark young man return to the restaurant.

Finally she thought bitterly: "Well, fancy not being able to trust *him*! I don't so much mind losing the money; but I'd never have believed he could be so mean! And I didn't even ask him for his name and address!"

Life seemed very empty for Maureen as she daily danced attendance mainly upon impatient business men at lunch and selfish pleasure-seekers in the evenings, and then went home to her drab lodgings. It was just one customer after another. One old lady hated parsley in any shape or form. One man wanted the chill taken off his wine. Another became furious at the bare suggestion; and so on. In short, the work was hard and the pay low, because the management expected the girls to rely largely upon tips, which were by no means as generous as represented.

To many persons the very word London has a ring of pleasure about it. Most well-to-do visitors to the great metropolis are bowed obsequiously through the portals to gaiety and enjoyment, but seldom realise how effectually those portals are barred to the vast army of workers who serve them. Just as the average bank clerk sees a wealth of money around him, but is himself poorly paid, so many thousands live amid the haunts of pleasure without ever being able to enter them.

"For me," Maureen sometimes soliloquised, "there is not much in life. Oh for the love of a good man and a real home! I wonder what it would feel like to become engaged, choose a ring, collect a trousseau, be a bride, and have a honeymoon somewhere in Ireland where one can breathe?"

She would not admit it, even to herself, but by "a good man" she really meant her tall, dark, defaulting customer, in whom, deep down in her heart, she never lost faith.

"He will, he *must* come back one day," something within her kept saying.

One night, about three weeks later, Maureen was walking home after her day's work at the restaurant, when a young man suddenly stepped in front of her and, lifting his hat politely, exclaimed: "Here you are, at last!"

The tall, handsome figure and clean-cut features were unmistakable. But Maureen did not relish being accosted like this in the street.

"What do you want with me?" she asked, coldly, drawing away.

"Now, please, do let me explain," he interrupted, eagerly. "I know what you think, but you've got it all wrong. While I was crossing the street on my way home from the restaurant I was knocked down by a motor bike and taken to Charing Cross Hospital. I was not allowed to leave there until to-day."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," rejoined Maureen, with quick sympathy. "Were you much hurt?"

"Not much; nothing could really hurt my thick skull, you know," he grinned. "But it made me rather hazy as to my bearings, especially as there was a thick fog at the time. Perhaps you don't remember that? A real London 'pea-souper.' Moreover, I don't know the locality very well. It's such a maze. I'm so glad I've found you."

"Why me rather than the restaurant?" asked Maureen, provocatively.

"Well, I've been trying to find it; but I know it was you who paid my bill."

"How clever of you to find out."

"That did not require the brains of a Sherlock Holmes. But may I not give you my card?"

Maureen took the proffered card, and read by the lamp-light:

"Denis O'Gorman,"

with a suburban address.



"Won't you tell me *your* name?" asked Maureen's interlocutor, thus introduced, after a pause.

Maureen did so.

"It sounds Irish," suggested Denis. "My parents were Irish, although I was born in London. They came over here many years ago; but they always loved Ireland much better."

"I don't blame them," responded Maureen. "I expect you've guessed I'm Irish?"

"I sensed that when I first saw you," replied Denis. "That's what attracts me about you so much."

"How very nice of you," she said, teasingly.

"I say, you and I are going to get on famously," he suddenly burst out. "Look here! I can't very well repay my debt to you in the street. Won't you let me see you home?"

"Well, I might," she replied. "It's not far."

"What a pity," he regretted.

With a quaint look at him, Maureen allowed him to get into step with her. For some time they walked on in silence.

Presently Denis said: "I've often longed to meet an Irish girl like you."

"How do you know what I'm like?" she teased, again.

"Well, I think I'm a pretty good judge," he replied, glancing admiringly at her.

"Just because I trusted you for the price of a meal?" asked Maureen.

"No, no! There's more in it than that," rejoined Denis, with some warmth.

"And so I am it!" bantered Maureen. "*That's* not very flattering!"

"Don't be such a tease!" protested Denis. "Let me tell you exactly what I mean. I'll be perfectly candid."

"I've all the Irish blood of my parents in my veins. For a long time now I've wanted to meet a genuine Irish girl. When you served me in the restaurant I somehow sensed that I'd found the right one. I could tell at once from your speech what country you come from. My firm are soon opening a branch in Ireland, and have promised to put me in charge; but they've hinted that I ought to be married. They prefer a married man, because they say it makes him steadier and keener to look after his job. Now, must I go to Ireland to find a wife?"

"Perhaps after all that explanation you won't have to," replied Maureen, blushing attractively.

.....@.....

## Ordination

Flames now life's folded rose to loveliest flower,  
 Deep redolent of God, and soon His Hand  
 Shall pluck it, till in Paradise Land,  
 Nigh to the Mystic Rose's sacred Bower,  
 God's House of Gold, the gleaming Ivory Tower,  
 Its fragrance shall be as a prayer soft-fann'd  
 By glancing wings, thus wafted to where stand  
 His threefold Thrones one endless holy Hour.

Lo! this undying day whereto the light  
 Of all life's dawns are drawn; culminant fire  
 Of love's long-flickering ardour; the complete  
 That crowns all lack and loss, and doth requite  
 With instant joy the thirst of long desire:  
 Blest final Bond with God, blest Yoke so sweet.

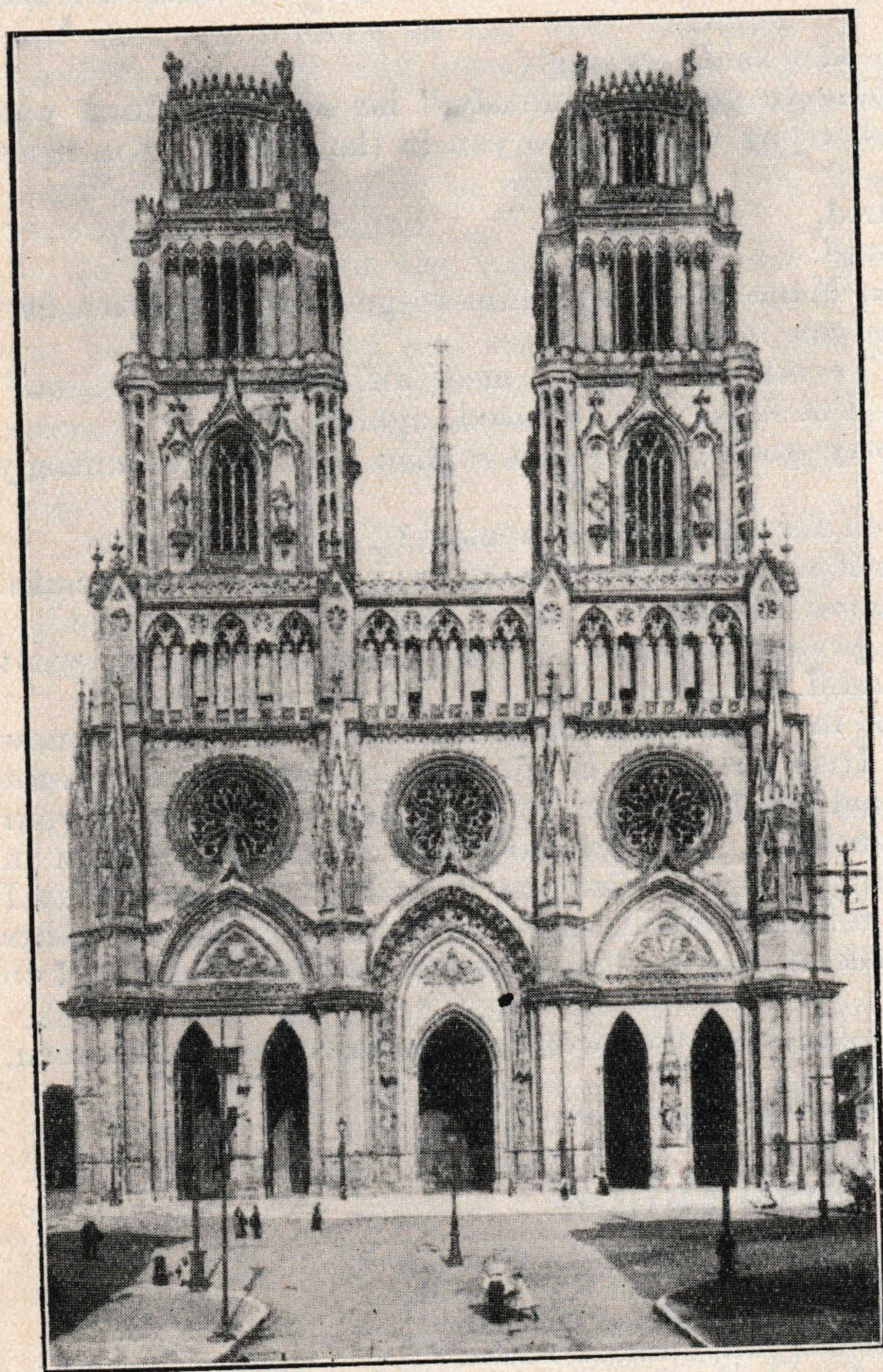
LIAM BROPHY.



# Discoveries at Orleans

Mme. GASTON ANTIGNAC

Important archaeological discoveries have been made during excavations recently carried out at Orleans Cathedral. Our contributor notes some of the more outstanding treasures just brought to light :: :: :: ::



HOLY CROSS CATHEDRAL  
ORLEANS.

RECENT excavations conducted under the Cathedral of Orleans by the Historic Monuments Commission of France have had unexpectedly rich returns, and allow the tracing of a period of many centuries in the history of this great religious edifice. The work was begun primarily at the demand of the clergy, who wished to have put back in their places the choir stalls of the eighteenth century. The work of the noted artisan, Dugoullon, who executed the stalls of Notre-Dame de Paris which are still in use to-day, they had been placed in the Seminary Chapel of Orleans. In order to place them properly, it was necessary to make certain foundations; and this in turn necessitated breaking ground under the choir of the Cathedral. Here were found the extensive remains of two other church edifices dating back over sixteen centuries, and tombs enclosing precious examples of the silversmith's art.

Near the centre of the choir two stone sarcophagi closed by slabs were found.

One contained the remains of a person whose legs were still bound with an ancient-patterned stuff, as it is still the custom to bind the limbs of bishops. At his side lay a gold crozier, with its knot and tip of gilded metal in a decoration of tiny leaves, typical of the beginning of the fourteenth century. The rarest objects found therein are two gold plaques of rare Byzantine workmanship, representing two busts, and dating probably from the twelfth or thirteenth century. According to the ancient ceremonial, these plaques were worn sewn on the gloves. In the second sarcophagus, which undoubtedly also contained the remains of a bishop, was found an enamelled crozier, of a particularly rare type,



ending in a palmette of the beginning of the thirteenth century. These treasures are henceforth part of the treasure of the Cathedral.

Abbé Chenesseau, historian of the Orleans Cathedral, has traced the history of the church as revealed by the successive excavations. At about eight feet under the present flooring, the remains of a church of the tenth and eleventh centuries, of the type of the great pilgrimage churches, has been found. The dimensions of its choir, somewhat smaller than those of the present Cathedral of the Sainte-Croix, are indicated by the remains of cruciform pillars. The site of the altar has been identified; and behind it the tomb of the venerated saint of the church, Saint Mamert. It is supposed that this church caved in, and that the ruins and stones were left on the spot as the tradition of the Middle Ages forbade throwing away stones that had once been consecrated. On the ruins of this church the present cathedral was built.

But at another two feet below the soil of this Romanesque church, or some ten feet below the present flooring, other and more ancient vestiges have come to light, in the form of a great circular mosaic almost thirty feet in diameter, with a geometric design in black, white, and red, probably from the baptistery of a Carolingian church.

Not content to stop here, the indefatigable archaeologists continued the excavating, and below this third church have found galleries. These are the galleries of the quarries from which the stone was extracted to build the city of Orleans.

The Fine Arts Department of France will instal cement floorings and supports so as to maintain all these ruins intact, in order to permit future visitors to see the different levels, the mosaic floor, and the sarcophagi. And thus Orleans, already rich in its memories of Jeanne d'Arc and in the beauties of its modern cathedral, adds great riches to its treasure trove. We may add that the C.Y.M.S. pilgrimage from Ireland to Lourdes next September includes a visit to Orleans in its itinerary. Thus Irish pilgrims will have an opportunity to inspect these latest archaeological discoveries of unique interest and great historical value.

### Good Friday

*Lo, He is dead  
Who fashioned earth and sea—  
Low droops the thorn-pricked Head  
On a degraded tree  
Reared high  
Outlined on sullen sky—  
And man  
Strolls idly by!  
Nothing to him  
That spheres be still as death—  
Once laughing waters hold  
Their tinkling breath—  
Birds still  
Their silver flutes and shrill—  
Dismay  
Shrouds every plain and hill!  
Lo, He is dead  
For sake of him who plays  
The age-old game  
Of self this Day of Days—  
A few  
Stand, Lord, beneath Thy Tree  
Tether our minds  
Here where our bodies be!*



# “Behold, I am with you...”

.....©.....

DAVID RICE

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*The wind blew in sudden, pitiless gusts. A fine, cold rain began to fall. Two figures pulled their cloaks more closely around them. It was a street in war-stricken Madrid :: :: :: ::*

.....

ALTHOUGH it was early evening, it was very dark; a biting wind swept along the narrow street, bringing a promise of snow. There was an air of desolation and grief about the neighbourhood, as indeed there was over the whole city, not the desolation of winter or the grief of a departed summer, but a hopeless, searing sort of abandonment. Madrid, often written of in terms belonging to a carefree Eldorado, did not possess any claim to her famous reputation as a gay city. The strife and disruption of the war that rent her and the whole of Spain, had made itself tangible even in this one little narrow street.

Shells of houses there were, broken walls, other roofless buildings that bore traces of once having sheltered children at their lessons, doors hanging open, paneless windows, countless relics of unspeakable tragedy met the eye everywhere. This was the death mask of what had once been a happy street, where the warm sun of Spain had once dappled the cobblestones, where the street traders had once plied their wares, where the sound of animated conversation was once heard, and along which the old people loved to sit outside their houses and watch the world go by.

The wind blew in sudden, pitiless gusts, and a fine cold rain began to fall, and two figures who had just turned into the street pulled their cloaks more closely round them. They were the only living souls to be seen along the whole length of the street, and yet they were walking stealthily, peering to right and left. One was taller than the other and older; hers was a braver mien, and although they were both going along slowly, she, even to a spectator, seemed to be the more fearless. Her face was pale, as though from want, but no lack of food could dim the brightness of her eyes which betrayed a strong spirituality rarely found in the world.

Her companion was little more than a girl, and paused now and then as they walked, to look at some building as though striving to recognise it. Both had an air of expectancy, and their cautiousness rather served to emphasise that they were seeking some thing or some place, by their quickened pace as they passed each dark doorway or side-turning. Both were dressed in poor clothes which obviously sat ill upon them. They had dark shawls over their heads.

The rain began to fall more heavily, the wind blowing it down in sheets, and rivulets began to flow over and between the cobbles. The two figures hurried on their way until they turned a bend in the street; then the younger of the two laid her hand on the other's arm and said:

“This was our convent, I think, dear mother, the chapel stood at the left of this doorway.”

Heedless of the pouring rain, they both stood and regarded the shattered facade of what had been the Convent of San Miguel. Only a week before it had been razed to the ground by Red troops, and most of the Community put to death. Most of the front of the building had been disfigured by the fire that destroyed the rest of it, and where the little parlours had been was nothing but a mass of rubble.

The two nuns, for nuns they were, regarded the ruins with tears in their eyes, and after a moment, the elder spoke:



"And if we had been able to return as we planned, dear Sister, we might have been martyrs, too. But let us see what remains of the chapel. I told you what Father Mateo said to me after he had escaped from the Government troops, didn't I, dear Sister?"

"No! dear mother, you hadn't the time, all you said was that Father Mateo, through being wounded by the Communist troops, was dying when he reached Senora Fernandes' house, but before he died, he begged you to see if the chapel was destroyed, too."

"Yes, dear Sister, he was shot in the back. Senora Fernandes and I did what we could for him, but he had lost too much blood. May God reward the good Senora for all her wonderful kindness, for besides lending us these clothes, she has given refuge to many of us. Poor Father Mateo was badly hurt and in much pain, but he would not even let us try to dress his wounds before I had promised him I would try to see whether our chapel was still standing; I think he was going to tell me something else, but was unable to."

"There seems to be something of the chapel left, dear mother," said the younger nun, who had been peering through the ruins. "I think we might try to make our way to it, the ground seems to be safe."

The little chapel still stood, but with gaping holes in its roof and wall near the door that the external worshippers had used, and the two nuns began to pick their way over the mass of bricks and other rubbish. They soon reached the spot where the entrance had been, and from it they could dimly see the whole of the length of the nave. As their eyes, smarting with the wind, became accustomed to the gloom, they made out the broken benches, the damaged statues; as they advanced into the building they were even able to see the marks of the vandals' axes in different parts of the woodwork. They advanced up a side aisle, and as they drew near to the altar end of the church, the younger nun suddenly drew in her breath, and clasped the arm of her companion.

"Look! dear mother, do you see that light?"

"Light, child? Where do you see a light?"

"It seems to be at one side of the communion rails, dear mother, look where I am pointing."

"I see it now, it seems to be a candle," the older nun answered, and both walked through rows of smashed benches until they stood in the centre aisle, and peered forward at the altar. There had been a screen from the roof to about half way down the walls, and from it the Sanctuary lamps were hung; the screen was broken away, but one end remained in place, and at this end hung a Sanctuary lamp, burning with an even glow, and not wavering with the gusts of wind that blew roughly through the ruined building.

"I know now what Father Mateo was trying to tell me," said the older of the two. "He wished me to save the Blessed Sacrament from *their* hands," and she shuddered involuntarily.

Then, in that ruined chapel, in front of the little Sanctuary, both nuns knelt in genuflection, their hearts filled with joy at the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

After a few moments' silent prayer, the older nun said: "Prepare yourself for Holy Communion, dear Sister," and drawing the poor shawl closer round her head, she began, with firm steps and head erect, to ascend the altar steps. After a second profound genuflection, she put forward her hand to the Tabernacle door, which was open; reaching further in, her fingers closed over the pyx, which she withdrew.

Opening it, the nun took forth the Host, and after breaking It in two, advanced to the Communion rail where her companion was kneeling: reverently, both communicated, and lost to all else, knelt in silence before the ruined altar.



The elder nun then replaced the pyx in the Tabernacle, and descended the altar steps; touching her companion lightly on the arm, she said: "We have done the most important thing now, dear Sister, I think we should make our way back to Senora Fernandes' house, if we can."

Immediately the other rose, and in silence, both began to walk slowly towards the ruined entrance of the chapel. The wind moaned through the walls, and dust whirled-up at them as they made their way down the aisle; when they came to the doorway, or what remained of it, of one accord, both turned to look back, sorrowfully, at their former chapel; as they looked, their eyes automatically strayed to that side of the altar where they could still see the brave little lamp still burning. Then, even as they looked, it suddenly went out, not with a flicker, but instantaneously, just as a filament ceases to glow as soon as the current which heats it is disconnected.

As though this were a final farewell, they began their way back along the street; they drew their wet clothes round them, and keeping to the shadows, hurried on as quickly as they could; their thoughts intent first on their Communion, and then on the possibility of being waylaid by Government bands.

They walked on for some time, until they reached a wider road, and a short distance along this, turned into a narrow mews. At a small door the elder nun knocked softly, and after a few short sentences had been exchanged, the door was opened by an old lady who broke into a torrent of fervent protestations of delight and thanksgiving at their safe return.

Later in the evening, both nuns were sitting in one of the upstairs rooms, talking quietly, and discussing plans for a projected bid for safety by an escape to France. There was a lull in the conversation, and suddenly the older nun said:

"How long is it, dear Sister, since our Convent of San Miguel was destroyed?"

"Only a week or so, dear mother," the other replied.

"And do you remember how often Sister Mary of St. Gabriel had to fill the Sanctuary lamp with oil?"

"It was every two days, dear mother. I remember particularly because I was sacristan while Mother St. Gabriel was ill last year, and it would never burn for longer than two days without re-filling."

Then both looked at each other as the same thought struck them; at that moment Senora Fernandes entered the room.

They related the story of the Sanctuary lamp to her, telling her how it had burned for over a week without any attention, and gone out after they had consumed the Sacred Host.

The old Senora, however, betrayed no wonderment.

"Well!" she remarked, "what else could any Sanctuary lamp have done, and in any case, there was no reason for it to burn any longer, was there?"

### Spiritual Privileges

The Most Rev. Fr. General of the Passionists has, by a special decree, extended to all subscribers to Passionist periodicals, as well as to contributors, the spiritual privileges which are granted to Benefactors of the Passionist Congregation. By virtue of this decree, noted in the official *Acta Cong. Passionis* (Vol. XI, page 287), subscribers and contributors to THE CROSS participate in the following:

2,300 MASSES which are celebrated annually in Passionist Retreats for living Benefactors on Festivals of the second class.

1,700 MASSES which are celebrated annually for Deceased Benefactors.

1,700 OFFICES FOR THE DEAD which are recited at the beginning of each month for Deceased Benefactors.





## Cathedral of Santiago de Compostella

The 13th Century Shrine of St. James the Apostle,  
Patron Saint of Spain

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### BASQUE PILGRIMAGE TO SHRINE OF SANTIAGO

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"Because some of the most solemn acts associated with the celebration the Holy Year of of Santiago de Compostella could not be carried out owing to the war, and because Spaniards living in those areas still under Red control could not make the pilgrimage, the Holy See has authorised the continuance of the year of Jubilee privileges until the end of 1938" states *The Standard* (Dublin). This concession has been granted at the request of Most Rev. Thomas Muniz Pablos, Archbishop of Santiago. Preparations for the reception of large pilgrimages are already well advanced; amongst those expected are the International Catholic Youth Pilgrimage as well as a large party from Argentina.

Notable enthusiasm was displayed at the welcome given to a pilgrimage of Basque Catholics from Vizcaya. Senor Llaguno, President of the deputation, made the traditional offering in the name of the whole province. According to immemorial custom, the offering was preceded by a prayer to the Apostle; the prayer of Senor Llaguno expresses so well the feeling and the spirit of this pilgrimage that we think it worthy of being reproduced in full:

"Accept, O Holy Apostle, this small present from the Deputation of Vizcaya and the Municipality of Bilbao, wrapped in the blood of our martyrs, in the resigned sufferings of our prisoners, and in the heroic sacrifices of all Vizcayan Catholics and Spaniards—twice Spaniards because of their heroic struggle with those who are without God and without love of country. Vizcaya has had to demonstrate her Faith and her patriotism to the other regions of Spain. The legend of Red separatism has been effaced by the blood of our martyrs and the penitence of its pilgrims. And so Galicia has received penitent Vizcaya with fraternally open arms, in the name of her sister regions of the rest of Spain."

Before leaving the Basilica, the pilgrims kissed the image of St. James, according to the traditional rite, says *The Standard*. The statue held in its hands the baton of General Aranda, the hero of Oviedo, who had presented it to the shrine as a votive offering.

A notable pilgrim was Don Nicolas Franco, representing his brother, General Franco. As Secretary-General of State, Don Nicolas made the customary votive offering in the name of the State—a traditional custom which the Republic had suppressed. "We offer thee" he declared "the traditional gift which, for all Spain, was promised centuries ago by the men who represented her—an offering as poor and modest as the True Religion, a material sign of the glorious servitude which honours those who exercise it."



# Rainbow ~ Path

.....@.....  
DOREEN KEANE

.....  
The old man joined with Ellie.  
"Let the poor kid read it" he  
begged. "Maybe she's inherited  
your talent."

May turned crimson with anger  
as she retorted: "It's a shame  
to be putting such nonsense into  
her head!" :: :: ::  
.....

"You're leaving school today," said James Smith, the village schoolmaster, to his favourite pupil, May Crewe. "And may I ask what you intend to do with yourself in future?"

"Keep house for father and help him in the shop," answered May promptly.

"H'm! a thrilling programme, beyond all doubt," was the schoolmaster's sarcastic comment. "Why don't you be frank with me, child, and admit that you intend to write a book?"

The girl turned scarlet as she confessed. "Well, yes, I did think that—"

"Well, you needn't think anything," he put in dryly, "just get to work. You've got literary talent of a sort, so there's nothing to prevent you starting right away. Any help you want you can get from me."

He continued speaking, but his pupil scarcely heard him. Her ears were nigh deafened with the wild throbbing of her heart, while her imagination painted dreams and hopes unutterably glorious.

Bidding him good-bye she tripped homewards; tears of joy glistening in her wide grey eyes. As if in keeping with her mood, a rainbow curved across the adjoining green fields. So light were her spirits that she fancied herself running up its path of glowing light. "The Rainbow Path"—what a title for her dream book!

From the schoolhouse door, the young teacher watched her light-hearted steps. He smiled his wry smile—youth and its dreams. How often did they wither when they were about to blossom, just as the narcissus bud will wither in its sheath.

\* \* \* \* \*

A year later, May finished her first novel, entitled "The Rainbow Path." In spite of his pleadings she had refused to let her former teacher see it until she had written *finis* across the last page. Then, one soft April twilight she walked proudly to his house, the completed story under her arm.

Though her work even surpassed James Smith's expectations he found many flaws in it. Whole chapters already many times revised, must needs be rewritten. More than once she rebelled; but his will was the stronger.

In due course it came back to her, accompanied by the fatal rejection slip. The disappointment was a cruel one to May. In vain did the schoolmaster urge her to try her luck elsewhere. He threatened, cajoled and abused her, until at length she warned him, her grey eyes flashing, that if he ever mentioned "The Rainbow Path" to her again, she would put that wretched story in the fire. Knowing her quick temper, he let the matter drop, but begged her to start another novel. She shook her head impatiently and was, in fact, decidedly rude to him, for she believed that her disappointment would have been bearable had he not overworked her with the revision of her book.

A year afterwards when she told the schoolmaster of her engagement to John Woods, she added: "And I mean to be happy with John, and not bother my head running after rainbows. One merely gets wet feet in the grass and besides, the rainbows disappear—it's a fairy tale all right about the pot of gold at the end." But though her tone was flippant, the shrewd schoolmaster noticed the far-away



expression in her wide grey eyes, as if she still dreamed of lost rainbows.

\* \* \* \* \*

One evening, twenty years later, an old man wended his way towards the house of his former pupil. May Crewe was now a middle-aged woman and a widow, and James Smith, who had retired from the hazards of teaching, was wont to spend the evenings in May's house where he was a great favourite with her and the children.

"Poor May," he mused as slow steps brought him towards her house. "She's had a hard time of it lately, what with bad business in the shop and her husband's death from sheer worry. I'm so glad I was able to get that job for young John." His thoughts were disturbed by the sight of a long-legged girl running towards him. It was Ellie, May's only daughter and his favourite among her children. Ellie bore no resemblance to any member of the family. "Little Changeling" he was wont to call her, declaring that the fairies had left her in place of a mortal child. Certainly she possessed an unusual, elfin type of beauty. At the time of her father's death she was sixteen years of age, a too slender little thing, with short black locks curling round her pointed face. In gay moods her brown eyes shone like luminous pools, but when serious they had the beseeching sadness one sees in the eyes of a faithful dog.

"Mother's waiting for you," she cried breathlessly. "Isn't it a dream of an evening. I'd like to run and join the wind scurrying over the hills instead of grinding at my homework inside."

May was waiting at the door for her visitor. The passage of time had altered her but little, save that her eyes were filled with the bitterness of talent lying fallow. The ex-schoolmaster thought she looked particularly sad as they sat by the fireside. Money worries, of course.

"May, I really think you ought to send that novel of yours—no, don't be vexed, I've not mentioned it for the last twenty years—but think of the help it would be if it were accepted and became a "best seller."

"No, it wouldn't be taken at all," answered May shortly.

Ellie, seated at the table cocked her sharp little ears.

"What's that you were saying, Mr. Smith?" she asked.

"Now dear, go on with your shorthand and don't mind us," commanded her mother.

The girl bounced up and curled herself round her mother's chair.

"I'll be a good girl," she promised, "and do *oceans* of shorthand if only you'll answer this question. Did you write a book when you were a girl like me?"

"Yes, she wrote a splendid book but lost heart when it was returned for the first time," the old man answered for May. "She was a bold, impatient little lady then, was your mother. If she had listened to me—"

"Will you let the child go on with her work," burst out May, still hot and impatient as of yore.

Ellie sprang up saying: "I'll not speak another word, Mumsie, if only you'll tell me where is your book."

"Don't be silly, child!" snapped her mother. Ellie's brown eyes were eloquent and pleading. "I'm a good girl, Mumsie, and I bring you a cup of tea every morning and all."

The old man joined sides with Ellie. "Let the poor kid read it," he begged. "Maybe she's inherited your talent and wants to get some hints."

May turned crimson with anger as she retorted: "It's a shame to be putting such nonsense into her head—a widow's child. Don't you know she's got to earn her living and has no time for such foolishness."

Then, more to drop the painful subject than from any other reason she said to her daughter: "My story is upstairs in my trunk, but finish your shorthand before you go near it."



Mr. Smith paid no heed to May's outburst. He was too busy watching Ellie's tell-tale blush—"Ah well," he thought, "if she has literary ambitions she'll get scant encouragement from her mother."

One night, when the ex-schoolmaster again sat by May's fireside, one of the boys said to Ellie: "I see you, Skinny Ellen, doing your fairy dance up to meet the postman every night. What's the big idea? Surely you're too young to have a boy writing to you yet."

"Don't be an ass," said his sister, trying to hide a blush. "I just like to take the letters from him, that's all."

"Well, you'd better not go out to-night," warned John, solicitous for all his teasing ways. "It looks like rain, and a Skinny Ellen like you should be careful not to get wet!"

"It's a lovely night," she contradicted him, "I saw a beautiful moonrise just after tea-time."

"Well, it's been raining since then," objected her tormentor. "Mumsie, sure she's not to go out to-night?"

Ellie ran over and knelt beside her mother. "I've got a headache," she complained, "and there's a lovely wind outside to take it away. The rain won't hurt me if I take my raincoat. Do let me go," she added, holding up her long, thin hands in a prayerful attitude.

"Very well, pet," consented May. "But I do hope you don't go on like this, dancing about and kneeling at people's feet when you're in the commercial class. People might think you were daft."

"Maybe she is," came a brother's voice from the corner.

"I'm no such thing," declared the laughing Ellie. "I'm a good little chick, amn't I, Mumsie—doing that hor—that shorthand and typewriting for all I'm worth and never mitching once from class."

In spite of her playfulness the young voice held a note of pain. Her mother stroked the girl's lean wrists. "If the boys were half as good as you they'd be all right," was her verdict.

Ellie stood up and pirouetted over to the door; standing for a moment poised on her pointed little toes, she made a puckish grimace over her shoulder at the facetious brother, then ran out into the hall where she donned hat and coat before skipping out into the windy street.

Coming near the church she sobered her gait and crept sedately inside, going up near the altar. The church was dim and deserted, and the Tabernacle lamp caught the soft glow of her great brown eyes as they fixed themselves on the altar where dwelt her Friend, the Prisoner of Love. To him she poured out the secret fears and hopes of her highly strung nature; her anxiety about her mother who was growing so pale and thin during these days of worry, her beautiful dreams for herself that only her Divine Friend knew—

Her mother also was not without fears for Ellie. She remained silent for a while after the girl's sprightly exit, then she murmured half to herself: "Poor little soul, I know she loathes the commercial classes, but they've promised to give her a job up in the hosiery mills office as soon as she qualifies. It is an awfully stuffy, airless place, and the hours will be very long—I dread the thought of her working there on account of her delicacy, but what can I do?"

"Don't you worry," the schoolmaster consoled her, "some nice boy is bound to succumb to her elfin charm, and she'll be married before you know where you are."

"I hope so," breathed the mother fervently.

Some few minutes later the object of their discussion burst into the room, feverish with excitement. "Mumsie," she cried, holding an envelope right up to her mother's nose, "Look—'The Rainbow Path'!"

"What's wrong with you, child?" cried her mother rising from her seat. "'The Rainbow Path' is up in my trunk."



"No it isn't," contradicted Ellie. "At least it is—only I copied it all out on my typewriter and sent it to a publisher and—read what he says, Mumsie, *look* at all the money they're giving you for it; royalties and everything. Now you needn't be worried over money matters again. Oh, isn't it glorious!"

When May read the letter her eyes grew dim, even as long ago she had shed tears of joy over the unbearable sweetness of her girlhood of dreams.

"What's that?" asked May a few minutes later, noticing another envelope in her daughter's hand.

The child tried to modulate her tones to a decent minimum of pride as she answered: "It's a cheque for my first story—a fairy tale."

The old schoolmaster shook with excitement as he exclaimed: "What! a story published at sixteen years of age, you'll be famous yet. Let me read it, please, at once."

It was late when the visitor rose to leave the happy household. The whole family accompanied him to his bus. Ellie skipping along with her brothers, while May suited her steps to his slow faltering gait.

"So the rainbow still shines across your path, my dear," said May's companion.

"No," she answered with a wistful smile. "The rainbow is made by sunlight, and my life is fast sinking. And I not fifty years of age. Rainbows are only for such young things as Ellie—she will write many books and become famous, while I have written my first and last."

Just as they reached the outskirts of the town Ellie came running back. "Look up," she cried, "over there behind the poplar tree."

They followed her pointing finger and there in all its ethereal beauty, tints as delicate as those of mother o' pearl, hung the silvery arc of the lunar rainbow.

"I didn't know there was such a thing as a moon rainbow," confessed May.

"Incidentally, there is the contradiction to your statement of a few moments ago," said the schoolmaster. "The rainbow, God's own symbol of hope and promise shines in the night of life as well as in the day."

They stood awhile gazing skywards; the young girl in the morning of life with dazzling hopes beckoning her onward; the woman in life's twilight, and the old man near the shadow of the grave. All three stood in admiring silence until the lunar rainbow vanished. But its beauty and its message remained in their hearts.

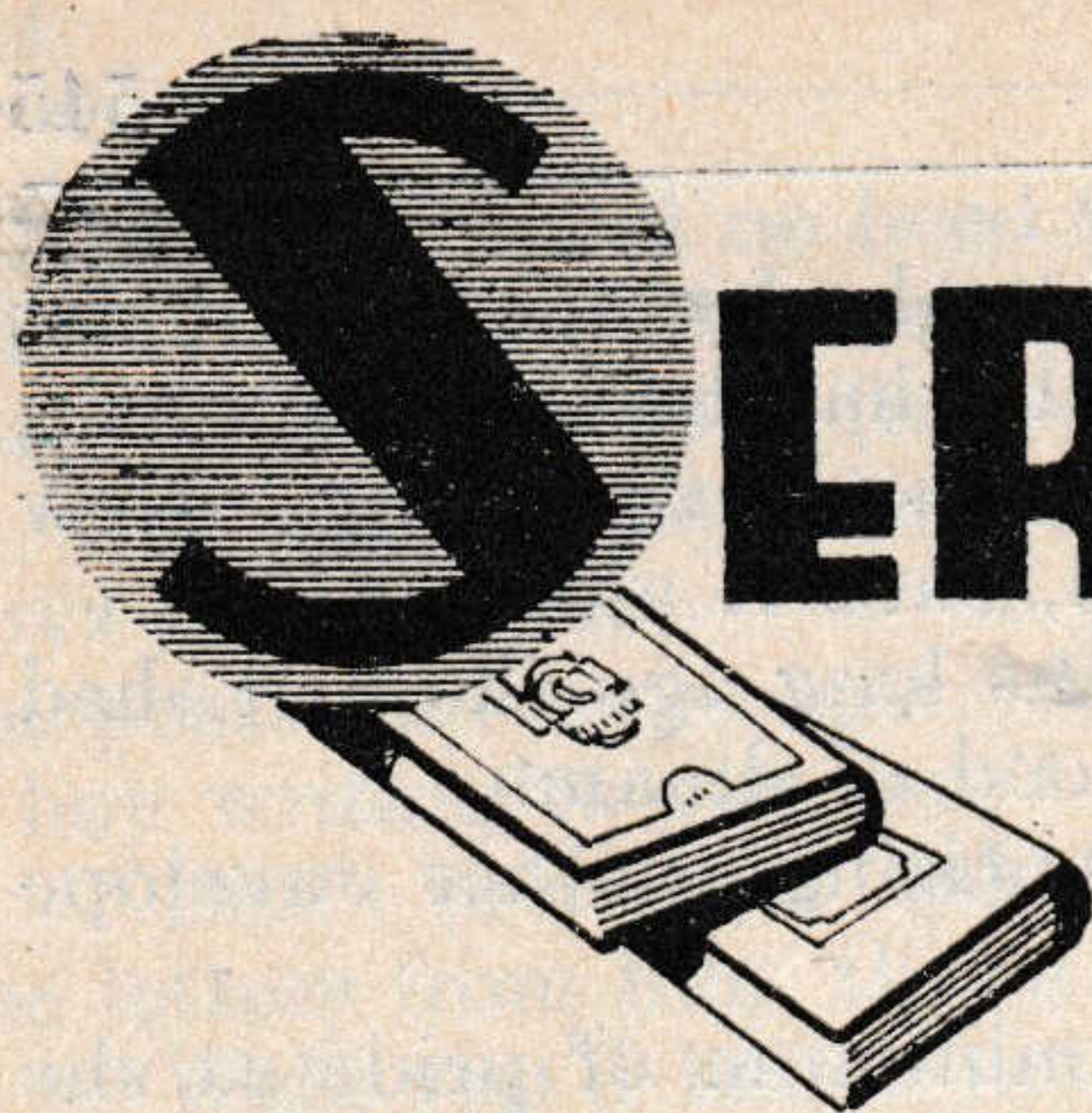


## The Power of Relics

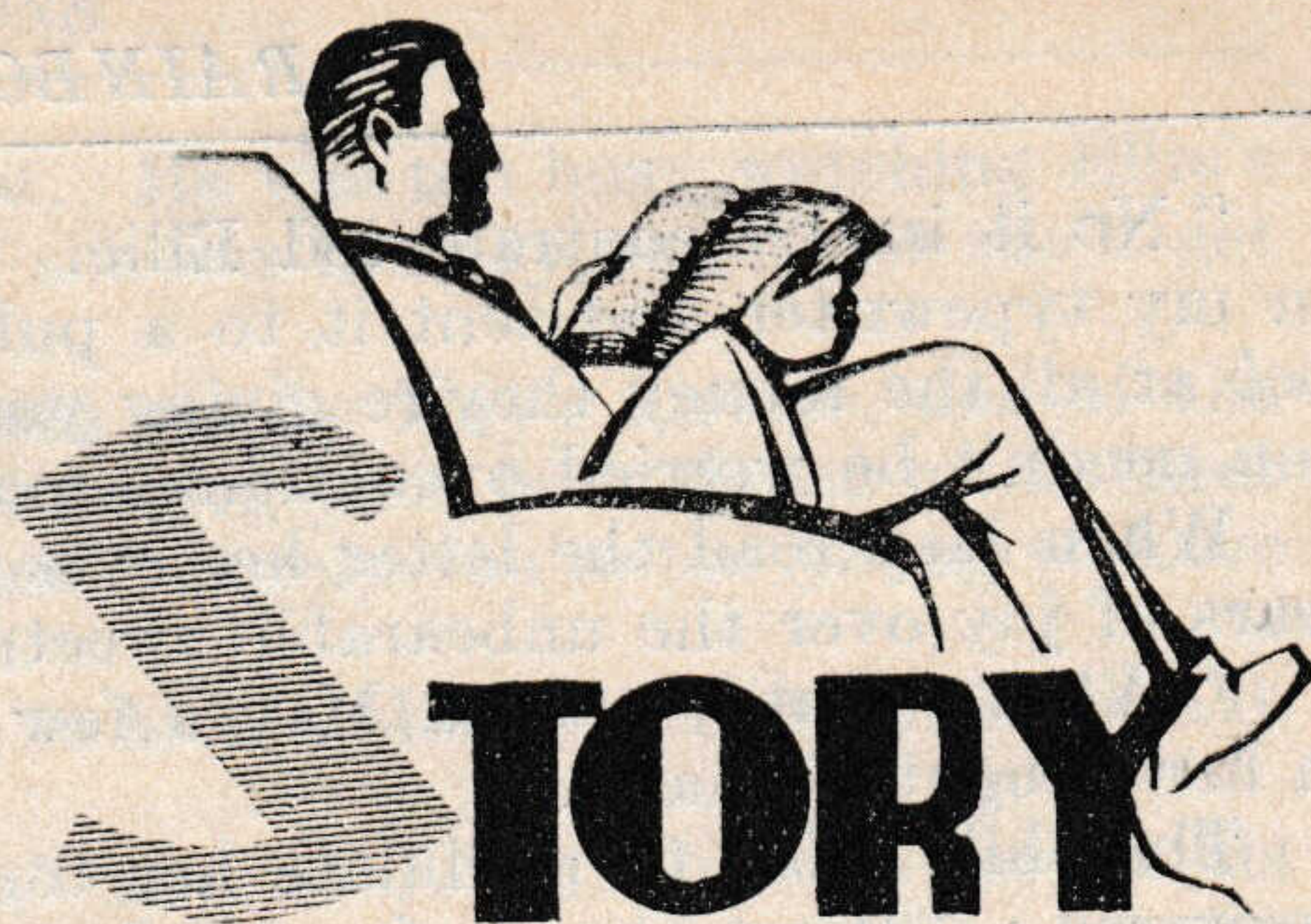
We have an instance of the power of the relics of God's servants, recorded in the thirteenth chapter of the Fourth Book of Kings, when a dead man came to life when his body touched the bones of the prophet Eliseus. In the history of St. Babylas, Bishop of Antioch, in the middle of the third century, we read that his remains were carried to Daphne, five miles from Antioch, about a hundred years after his death. At that place the devil gave oracles in the temple of Apollo, but he was silenced when the relics were brought there. When, a few years later, Julian the Apostate came to Antioch, he sought by sacrifices to ascertain the cause of the devil's silence. He received for answer that it was because of the presence in the place of dead men's bones. The Christians, under orders from the Emperor, carried the bones of the Saint back to Antioch, and on the following evening the temple of Apollo was destroyed by lightning, and its idol and the rich ornaments of the temple were destroyed with it. Julian determined to punish the Christians upon his return from the Persian war, but he perished in it. (A.D. 363).

St. Basil, writing to his cousin Suranus, a Cappadocian, requested him to procure for him some of the relics of the martyrs who at that time suffered for the faith. In his homilies he expressed a great veneration for their relics, before which, he declared, the faithful in their necessities sought the intercession of the holy martyrs and were heard. The early cult of holy relics in the Church is further shown by the exhortation of St. Maximus, Bishop of Turin, who died about the year 466. He said: "All the martyrs are to be honoured by us, but especially those whose relics we possess. They assist us by their prayers; they preserve us as to our bodies in this life, and they receive us when we depart hence."





# SERIAL



# TORY

## The Faith of Rosamund ~ ANNIE M.P. SMITHSON

CHAPTER IV—*Bernard takes a Hand.*

BERNARD KENNY had been out with the haymakers all day, and as he came home through the scented fields, he thought with pleasure of the substantial tea which his mother would have waiting for him.

There were only the two of them—mother and son—living together in the pleasant Co. Dublin farmhouse. There had been another son, older than Bernard, but he had given his life for Ireland in 1916. The father had died when both boys were small, and Mrs. Kenny had managed the farm until Bernard was old enough to take the responsibility from her.

They were very happy—devoted to one another. Only one thing worried Mrs. Kenny at times, and that was the thought that Bernard would marry some day. She often wondered what sort of a girl she would be, who would take her son from her. Bernard, when she spoke of such a thing, only laughed and said: "Well, I suppose I will have to give you a daughter sometime. But that is all it will mean—you will not lose me, mother—never think that, if I married a dozen wives!"

But his mother would shake her head, while in her ears would run the words of the old couplet:

My son is my son till he gets a wife,  
But my daughter is my daughter all her life."

She had no daughter, and did not want a daughter-in-law at all. But marry he would, of course. Why a handsome young fellow such as Bernard was, the owner of a nice farm, steady and good-living, too—sure he could choose any

girl he liked. And Mrs. Kenny knew that there was more than one girl in the neighbourhood who would have counted herself lucky indeed if Bernard had asked her to be his wife.

But at present all was well. Bernard showed no sign of liking one girl more than another; in fact, he seemed more pleased to pay a visit to Rose Cottage and chat with that little Miss O'Hara than to ask any girl to go for a walk with him on these lovely summer evenings.

Mrs. Kenny had heard about Miss O'Hara.

"Hard luck on the poor lady, mother!" Bernard had said; "she has had a hard life and was looking forward to ending her days in peace and comfort—and now this! What a vindictive mind that man must have had!"

The following morning Bernard looked in at the Cottage on his way to the fields. He found Miss O'Hara busily sweeping and dusting, an anxious look on her face.

"Why so busy at this hour?" he asked, with a smile, "are you expecting visitors?"

"Yes, Mr. Kenny—at least Miss Anderson has sent me word that she is bringing a week-end party down this evening."

"But surely you need not kill yourself? The place is spotless as it is, and they will only upset it and you will have to tidy up anyway when they are gone."

She smiled at his logic.



"Don't forget I am only the caretaker now—I must have all in order."

"How many are coming?"

"She did not say. Only that I was to expect her with some friends for a week-end party and that she was sending out provisions from town."

Elizabeth seemed worried and anxious, so Bernard, with a few words of cheer left her and went his way. He wondered what this Miss Anderson was like? He felt that he should like to see the girl whom he looked upon as the usurper of Miss O'Hara's rights. So that evening about eight o'clock, he strolled down to Rose Cottage.

**E**VEN before he reached the little green gate, Bernard realised that all peace was gone from the place. Loud and rather raucous laughter, mingled with the blare of jazz music from a gramophone, fell upon his ears. Some of the visitors were "jazzing" on the grass in front of the cottage, looking as bored as possible; in the porch others were smoking and drinking. Of Miss O'Hara there was no sign. "In the kitchen getting food for these animals!" thought Bernard, as he surveyed the gathering in distaste.

The women were very much "made-up," and even in the few moments that he stood watching them, they seemed to Bernard to be smoking and drinking more than the men. In his eyes they were not women at all—merely caricatures. Yet he was conscious of a feeling of pity for them; they were just "poor things" to him.

But when his gaze fell upon the men he had nothing but contempt—utter and complete—for them. Their careless appearance, their clothes of would-be "Bohemian" cut, their languid, bored manner—all inspired Bernard with disgust.

"Looks as if they had never done an honest day's work in their lives!" he thought.

He was a great contrast to those whom he criticised, as he stood at the gate, tall, broad-shouldered, his muscles taut with use, his shirt open at the neck showing the bronzed skin beneath.

A fine specimen of manhood was this young farmer.

His small black cocker, Judy, stood beside him, and as he did not move, gave an impatient bark, as if to say: "Oh—come on! There's nothing here worth looking at!"

"You are right, Judy, we will be off!"

But even as he turned to go, a girl came across the grass and passed close to him, evidently on her way to the back premises. He saw at once that she was of a different type from the others. Not exactly pretty, she was still good to look at, her whole appearance pleasing. She wore a simple linen frock of apple-green, and her dark hair was parted in the centre and gathered into a knot behind. As she came level with the young man at the gate she glanced at him in some surprise.

He smiled rather shyly as he said: "I was looking for Miss O'Hara, but I suppose she is engaged?"

The girl smiled back as she replied: "Very much so, I am afraid. She is getting supper and I am just going to help her."

"Then I will come, too. Oh, yes—I can assure you that Miss O'Hara will be delighted to see me—we are great friends. Come along, Judy!"

"Oh, what a dear little dog."

Teresa stooped to pat the cocker, who in return licked her hands with the devotion which she lavished upon anyone who happened to take her fancy.

Miss Elizabeth O'Hara, glancing up from the bowls which she was filling with fruit, saw Bernard Kenny and Teresa Enright walk into her kitchen.

"Oh!" she cried.

Bernard laughed. "We are come to help you—this young lady and myself. By the way, don't you think you might introduce us?"

**T**HE introduction made, the trio set to work arranging the supper dishes on trays, counting the number of plates and spoons and forks that would be needed, filling jugs with cream—ordered







# “Thank You”?

How often do  
You really mean it?

THE world to-day, with all its advanced ideas and modern culture, makes light of the rather old-fashioned custom of expressing gratitude for even the smallest favour. Yet I wonder if there is any which hurts just as keenly as ungratefulness?

Why is this?—is it not because the thoughtlessness of the times has given birth to the callous spirit of “take everything for granted and ask no questions?” Without much examination one can clearly see that this is akin to the animal code of life—the animal knows no better and simply takes everything which comes its way, just because it is an animal devoid of reason.

Which of us, having presented a gift to a friend, does not look for a simple and sincere “Thank you?” Yet, the experience of many people is that in offering a gift the recipient shows his idea of gratitude by registering an awkward grin, or perhaps, if the tongue has loosed there is ventured a back-door reply, such as: “Oh, you shouldn’t have bothered!” I do not suggest for one moment that such people are wanting in gratitude, but I do say that they lack the Christian courtesy of life. It would be much more pleasant for both parties, and certainly more satisfying for *both* if instead of the awkward grin, and the still more awkward reply, there was said a simple “Thank you!”

Again, there surely is something wrong where a child has to be cajoled by promises of reward, to take the ordinary advantages of education. This state of affairs does exist—and so the child takes for granted that some present is due to him as a result of his marvellous, and at the same time boring achievement in securing Higher Leaving certificates or perhaps the degree of M.A. How many modern children who have been successful in attaining the goal of their ambition think of giving thanks to those who made their success possible? What would have become of that child had it not been for the untiring and unselfish efforts of father and mother?

To give is a truly blessed thing, but to receive is a coveted privilege. Amongst the various walks of life there is but one state to which man has been privileged to be called, for which in a very special way he thanks his parents and all those who have helped him. I speak of the Sacred Priesthood; usually, the young priest has printed an ordination card in memory of the greatest event in his life, and on that card there is very often inscribed the simple and sincere words of gratitude: “Bless all those, Sweet Jesus, who have helped me to Thy Altar.”

Is it possible that those who are ungracious with their neighbours have also forgotten to thank God for all the countless graces and blessings, both spiritual and temporal, which He has showered upon them? When one thinks seriously of the stupendous gifts of God to man—the Giver of all Life with all its wonderful joys and pleasures, the abounding consolations to balance the sorrows—good, holy parents who radiate the pure and untainted love and affection which constitute the keynote of the perfect Christian—health with at least the necessities of life, and most wonderful of all the grace of the Holy Catholic Faith, surely, he ought always to be saying to God: “Thank You.” It is not to be wondered that the priest, having consumed the Sacred Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, should exclaim in his own name and that of the faithful: “What return shall I make to Thee O Lord for all that Thou hast done to me?”

Perhaps a little consideration of God’s goodness towards us, and our corresponding obligation of gratitude might lead us to adjust our lives more in conformity with the example of Him Who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Learning the true value of Gratitude we will practise it in respect of our neighbour no less than in respect of Almighty God.

(REV.) JAMES C. WARD.





### CHOICE OF CONFESSOR.

(1) Will you kindly state whether it is a sin to go to confession to a strange priest, when one feels more comfortable confessing, instead of going to one's own parish clergy?

(2) Should I mention this fact in confession?—“A Southern Reader”

(1) The Church allows the faithful complete liberty of choice with regard to the selection of a confessor. You may therefore go to any priest whom you select.

(2) There is no need to mention this fact in confession.

### LEATHERWORK ON SUNDAY.

Is leather-work, e.g., the making of bags, purses, covers for books, etc., permissible on Sundays and holidays of obligation?—“Doreen” (Dublin).

The answer to your question depends upon whether the work you mention is considered servile work or not. Unnecessary servile work is forbidden on Sundays; liberal or artistic work is permitted. We have been unable to find any definite opinion upon the specific work you mention. According to Davis, S.J., “the making of vestments for use in a poor church or mission is *permitted* servile work.” So also, the making of garments for a charitable purpose, e.g., distribution to the poor, is considered a permitted servile work. It would appear, therefore, that fancy leather-work on Sundays is not permitted.

### GUIDANCE IN MARRIAGE.

What saint should I pray to in order to obtain guidance as to marriage. I mean in relation to the choice of a partner?—“Worried” (Dublin).

Pray to St. Joseph, who is considered the patron of family life. Also invoke the assistance of St. Anne, who is also considered the patron of a happy marriage.

### BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Why is the Blessed Sacrament taken from the high altar and placed in a side altar after Mass in the Dublin Pro-Cathedral? I have been unable to find an answer for this question.—“Reader” (Harold's Cross).

The Blessed Sacrament may be reserved on only one altar in any church. “In cathedral and other churches where the Divine Office is celebrated, the use of a worthy side-altar is usual.” (*Catholic Encyclopaedic Dictionary*).

### PLAYING THE ORGAN.

(1) May the Organ be played during the consecration at Mass?

(2) Is it permissible to play the organ during Mass on the Sundays of Lent? When may the organ not be played?—T. B.

(1) Yes; the playing of the organ softly so as to foster devotion rather than to hinder it is tolerated during the consecration at Mass.

(2) Yes; the organ may be played during Mass on the Sundays of Lent. This holds generally when the sacred ministers wear dalmatics even though the colour of the vestments be violet. The organ may not be played from after the *Gloria in excelsis* of the Mass on Holy Thursday until the *Gloria* of the Mass on Holy Saturday.

### DANCING DURING LENT.

Is it a sin to dance during Lent?—B. A. (Dublin).

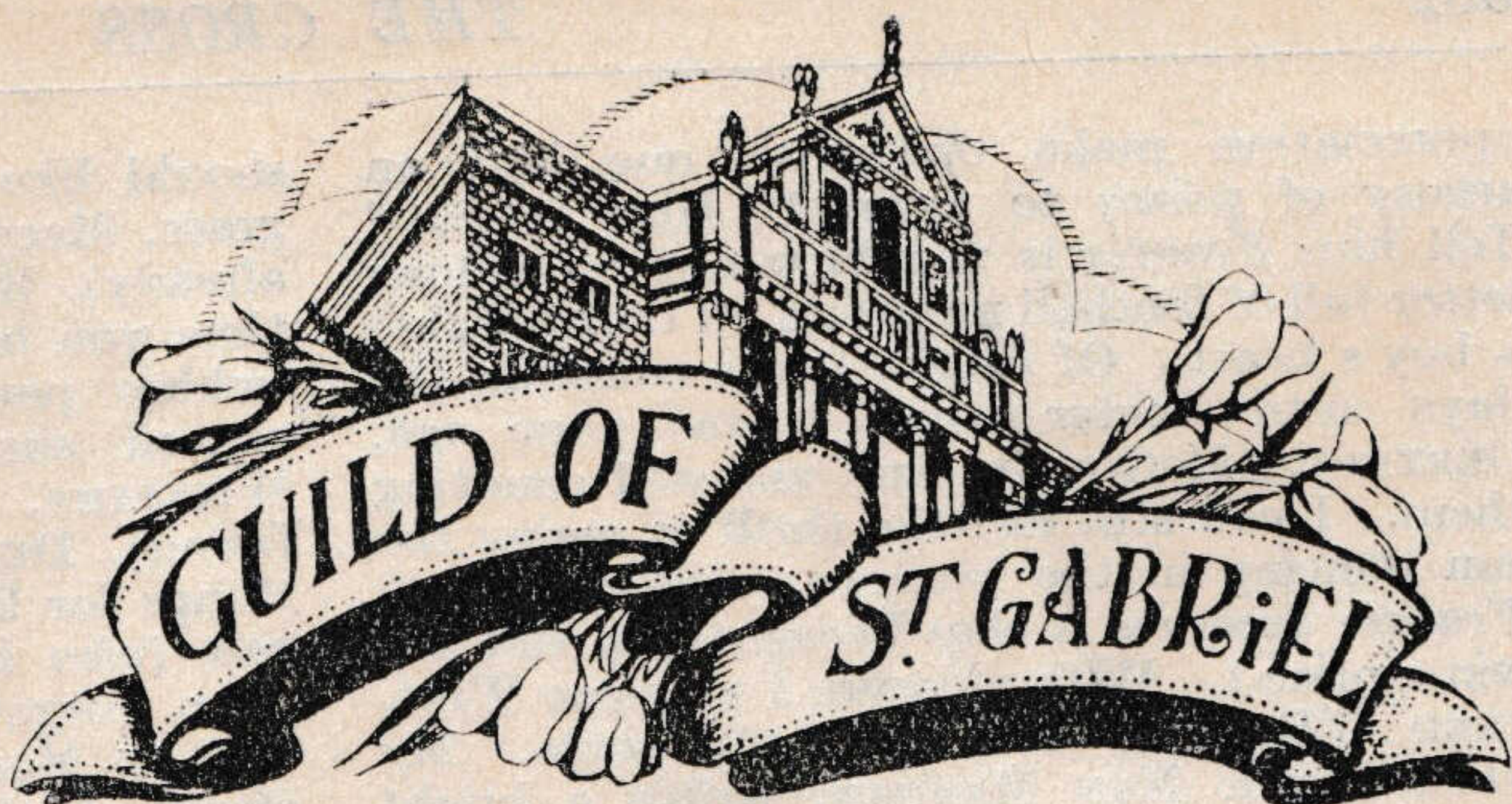
Dancing, like many forms of amusement, is not sinful in itself. It becomes good or bad according to the motive which urges a person to dance, and from the manner in which the dance is performed. There are some dances which are nothing but occasions of sin. Dancing in Lent is also lawful in itself, since it is forbidden by no law of the Church. But one who takes his religion seriously and reflects on the necessity of doing penance will enter into the spirit of the Church during Lent and will try to retrench his pleasures for love of Jesus Crucified.

### NO SORROW IN HEAVEN.

If Christians know each other in the life to come, will they not miss loved ones who are lost and realise that the latter are in torment? Or will their memories of loved ones be blotted out? If such a transformation does not occur, how can it be possible that no sorrow shall enter the kingdom of Heaven?—J. D. (Co. Cork).

Heaven is a state of perfect happiness. It consists essentially in the vision of God face to face. “We shall see Him as He is,” says St. John. This vision of God and the felicity which results from this vision is absolutely incompatible with every species of sorrow. Compassion for others is a kind of sorrow. The one having compassion takes the ills of others upon himself, as it were. But such compassion cannot occur in Heaven, as is evident. It is repugnant to the perfection of Divine Justice to compassionate those who have resisted God and His gracious calls to repentance.





FOR YOUNG READERS OF "THE CROSS."

Conducted by Francis.

#### RULES OF THE GUILD.

- I. The Guild of St. Gabriel is a literary circle : open to boys and girls under 19 years of age.
- II. The members will endeavour to spread devotion to St. Gabriel by practising the virtues of purity, charity and obedience, in imitation of their patron.
- III. They will try to enrol new members.

**A** SOFT, golden radiance of sunlight over the world, a gentle shower of refreshing rain, and again the sunbeams slanting down upon the grass convey to us that April of the smiles and tears and whimsical moods is abroad in the land. Lovely April, garlanded with narcissi, fragrant with the scent of awakening blossoms, sweet with the early freshness of Spring and the glory of promise. From now onwards all beauty will unfold and the days to come will bear gladness, let us hope, to each and all of us. This year April brings Eastertide, and our hearts sing Alleluia's of joy at the approach of the time of the Resurrection. There is no greater Feast in the calendar of the Church than that of Easter. After the dark, penitential days of Lent are over, the House of God celebrates the Resurrection of our Saviour with joy and triumph. Music and gladness replace the sadness and mourning of the Lenten weeks. All nature joins too in the Alleluia of divine song and worship to greet the risen Saviour of the world.

#### MY POST BAG.

Such a huge post bag as has arrived this month, letters come toppling-out on my desk in great numbers, and it is heartening to see the penmanship of both old and new friends. The very first letter to come into my hands is from EVA HILLARD, a Canadian schoolgirl, who longs to be a member of our Guild. We are delighted to welcome Eva and her chum, MARGARET O'NEILL to the Guild of St. Gabriel, and hope that they may both find much joy in our little nook. I trust Eva has received all particulars by now and that she will introduce *The Cross* to many of her friends in Canada. Eva Hillard and Margaret O'Neill are both interested in stamp collecting and desire to correspond with some of the Guild members. Eva's address is : 2 Ontario Row, Allanburg Road, Thorold, Ontario, Canada. Our little friend, EITHNE MARRON, is greatly delighted with her prize book.

"Thank you ever so much for 'Passion Flowers.' I read it through and through a couple of times, as I loved to hear about all the children who have died for the Faith from earliest times until the present day"; thus writes Eithne, and I feel sure she, too, would give her life for God if called upon. I am sorry to hear of the little invalid. You may be sure he has my prayers and best wishes for a speedy recovery. Well, MARIE DENNY, I am glad to hear of you again. Your last letter must have played hide-and-seek in the post bag. You may be sure if it had made an appearance you would have had an answer. Tell your mammy to let *Francis* into that wonderful secret of colouring the eggs. Many thanks, CONNIE FLYNN, for your nice card. The view of Castleblaney is enticing. Will you take *Francis* on a tour of the town some day, Connie? MARY FLYNN'S essay is interesting, and would have got higher marks if she had dwelt more on the real significance of Easter. I hope she will compete every month. "Perseverance wins the crown."

#### HAPPY PRIZE-WINNERS.

A sweet little note from THERESE COLLINS tells of her rejoicing over her prize book. I trust the days to come will carry her equal hours of pleasure. Another happy winner is MARY SHERIDAN of the Convent of Mercy, Enniskillen. "I have read your book," she writes, "and I certainly enjoyed it. The beautiful descriptions and exquisite language are indeed entrancing. I think the life of 'Astrid' is very admirable and inspires love and sympathy." Writes MARY PALMER : "Do you know I didn't feel so uplifted for a long time as when the postman brought me my beautiful prize 'Astrid' from *The Cross*—with the Editor's compliments, too! I felt so important. I am as happy as Larry. We all enjoyed reading the story of the lovely young Queen of the Belgians. She left a fragrant memory." Does not such a charming



appreciation make one wish one had an argosy of prizes to award? How is Pat? Tell him *Francis* is watching out for a long letter full of football news and all that delights a boy's heart. Of course I was counting the days until Easter when I was your age, GERTRUDE MCGOWAN, and am still counting them. I can still feel the thrill of seeing the sun dancing in the heavens. Do you think *Francis* deserves a slap because you did not win a prize? With pleasure I welcome WINIFRED O'ROURKE into the Guild circle. My little friend, NAN MANGAN, writes a bright letter and has a lot of interesting Easter lore which she heard from the old people. I shall keep watching out for the surprise you have in store for me, Nan. Three young girls, BREEDA KENNEFICK, TREASA and EILEEN FITZGERALD, have written very readable letters. The work of the Cahirciveen Convent pupils is of high merit. They speak our own loved language all the day long, and are proud and happy because of their proficiency at Irish. Hope your cold is better, CHRISSIE CONNELL. Fluttering joyously on to my desk comes a delightful letter from KITTY KINSELLA. I was glad to know the Play "As You Like It" was such a success, Kitty. I think I can detect you in your amusing guise. The photograph is altogether charming, and the scenery beautiful. "I was over at Mount Argus for *Quarant Ore*," says Kitty, "and truly, *Francis* I envy you your beautiful home. It is always so quiet and so peaceful, and even the 'buses thundering past its gates never succeed in shattering its calm serenity. I really think it must be Our Lady herself who does it, because she wants to keep Mount Argus for her very own." Kitty has given voice to my thoughts. There is no place dearer to the heart of *Francis* than Mount Argus, and truly the Blessed Mother of God sheds the beauty of heavenly peace and the blessings of her grace on that peace of quietude and contemplation.

#### OUR COLESHILL FRIENDS.

Once again my young friends in St. Gerard's Hospital, Coleshill, Birmingham, come trooping in with their cheerful letters and joyous laughter. They carry with them the sunshine of Spring and the beauty of its blossoms. Every line of their letters breathes the atmosphere of patience, and the joy of youth notwithstanding their sufferings. The letters received are many, too numerous to be answered individually in the space at my disposal. To each and all I am grateful, and thank NANCY DOWNES, MARY STRONG (I

should like to see the stool made with sea-grass, Mary), SYLVIA NEAL (who is an aunt already), BETTY McNULTY (that was a great time you had tossing pancakes), IRIS NOBLE (whose pancake stuck to the ceiling and caused such fun), BETTY MOORE, KEITH WILLIAMS, ERIC, PETER SWALES (my old friend), DENIS WRIGHT (who is doing great things for the sale of work), AUBREY ROULSTON (who is busy helping), VALERIE COURT (who forgot to send *Francis* a pancake), VIOLET MOSELEY (I am glad you liked the story of the Little Flower in *The Cross*. Almost everyone mentioned it), and BETTY GARDNER, who tells of the birds that make a chorus of song every morning in Coleshill. They like to come and cheer the little ones who love God's feathered creatures and rejoice in their music. GEORGE FRANCIS writes a really kind letter, and I am glad he is able to do so much to help on the sale of work. It was good of him to send *Francis* Wee Georgie Wood's picture. I am sure Georgie will give you all a great treat of fun and frolics when he comes to open the Sale of Work. Thanks, MARY McANDREW, for your little letter. Best wishes to yourself and Sheila.

#### THE AWARDS.

In the competition for the best essay on "My School and its Surroundings" the prize is divided between RITA O'SHEA, *Brigidine Convent, Mountrath, Leix*, and KATHLEEN VEALE, *Dunhill, Tramore, Co. Waterford*.

In the competition for the best letter on Easter and its Customs the prize is awarded to MAUREEN O'CONNOR, *New Street, Cahirciveen, Co. Kerry*.

#### MAY COMPETITIONS.

FOR MEMBERS AGED 16 TO 19—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "My Favourite Author and Why."

FOR MEMBERS AGED 13 TO 16—A Prize is offered for the best essay on "The Beauty of May and its Blossoms."

FOR MEMBERS UNDER 13—A Prize is offered for the best painting of Spring Flowers.

SEND BEFORE APRIL 10TH.

St. Gabriel's Guild  
**COUPON** APRIL, 1938

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